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A CHILD of the NIGHT

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

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CHAPTER XIII.

A Night of Agony

I sat for a long time pondering over the unhappy fate of this child. What her story had been I could only guess. stolen, doubtless, by this devil in whose care she was—brought up, certainly, in the midst of filth, and shame, stunted, tortured, misshapen—until she had become a mere fungus of humanity, growing only in the dark, without blood or healthy vigor—a hideous travesty upon girlhood and womanhood. The horror and sadness of the thing moved me strangely—yet had I not seen a thousand such during those hours I had spent in the slums?

But Ninon—would she bear transplanting into other soil? I doubted it, yet it seemed to me that death itself were preferable a thousand times to such a life as this. At least, God willing, I would make the trial.

So the hours dragged on. Sometimes I dozed; more often I sat plunged in gloomy thought, trying in vain to work out the problem of escape. At last the door opened again, and Ninon brought me another plate of meat and a can of water.

"I know where there is a file, M. Pierre," she whispered, as she set them down. "I will try to get it when Mere Fouchon goes out again."

I pressed her hand for answer, and was glad that I had said nothing, for at that moment the woman herself appeared at the door with her langtern. She motioned the girl to leave, and herself sat down on the dirt heap opposite me.

I looked at her with astonishment, for her eyes were gleaming and her withered face was distorted with a malignant joy.

"Well, Monsieur," she said after a moment, "it seems that I must take leave of you sooner than I had thought."

"And why?" I asked, with a sinking heart.

"My business is finished," she answered. "Ribaut was more reasonable than I had hoped. I regret that I did not ask for twenty thousand crowns instead of ten. Ah, there was a pretty scene! You should have seen him—you who love him no more than I. It warmed my heart. He raved; he swore. He foamed at the mouth, his face grew purple, just as though he were about to have a fit. But he calmed down when he found me inexorable. The girl was cheap at the price, and he knew it. So we soon came to terms."

"He has paid you the money, then?"

"He will do so in the morning."

"And you have given him back his niece?"

She laughed harshly.

"What do you take me for, Monsieur?" she asked. "A fool? No, no. M. Ribaut will get his niece ten minutes after he has given me the money."

I could find nothing to say, but sat looking at her in dazed bewilderment and despair.

"It is all arranged," she continued. "At six o'clock I am to receive ten thousand crowns, in return for which I turn over to him this pretty Nanette. Then I say good-bye to Paris and to Mere Fouchon. Ah, do not fear I shall not forget you, Monsieur. I have the rose here," and she drew a little vial from the bosom of her dress. "When the door has closed for the last time, Monsieur, I should advise you to drink it at once. It is the easiest way, much pleasanter than starving."

Still I said nothing.

"Ah, I forgot one thing," she added, pausing as she turned to go. "At nine o'clock tomorrow morning at the church of St. Landry there will be a ceremony, Monsieur—such a charming ceremony. Can you not guess what? Well, I will tell you. At this ceremony that pretty little Nanette, whom you love so much, will be transformed into Mme. Jean Briquet."

I dashed at her with an oath, but the chain jerked me back against the wall. She stood for a moment and laughed at me.

"You see now, Monsieur, do you not, how much wiser it will be to drain that little vial without delay? Suppose you play the coward—suppose you are alive at nine o'clock—you here in this hole, looking death in the face—this enchanting Nanette before the altar looking in the face of her husband! Bah!" and she made a sudden grimace. "I think I should prefer your part, Monsieur. Death itself must be less hideous than Jean Briquet. All the same," she added, "you will do well to drink with a steady hand—you will find it a pleasant death—a dropping to sleep, sweet dreams and then—darkness. I know. I have seen others, happy, smiling, sink into the abyss. I will have La Bancale give it to you in the morning," and she was gone.

I sank down against the wall, dazed at this new stroke of fortune. Give me a day, two days, and escape might be possible—but the bargain had been made; in a few hours it would be too late.

How long I lay there in a half-stupor I do not know, but at last I heard the door open again and Ninon's voice whispering my name. I roused for reply.

"Oh, M. Pierre," she whispered, bending over me. "I have the file. Here is the file.'

"The file!" I cried. "Oh, give it me, Ninon! There is not a moment to lose."

She placed her trembling hand in mine and gave me the file. I ran my fingers over it. It was old, rusty, dull but it had been a good file, once; doubtless part of some long-dead burglar's kit—would it do the work? In an agony of haste I ran my hand along the chain until I found what seemed the weakest link, and set to work upon it. At the end of a few minutes I found I had made a scratch in the iron, and hope began to revive in my heart. The sound of filing startled me.

"Is it you, Ninon?" I whispered. "Forgive me, my dear; I had forgot to thank you."

"Oh, it is not that, M. Pierre," she sobbed. "It is not that!"

"Come here, sit beside me," I said. "Let me put my arm around you—so. Now tell me what it is."

She was silent a moment, and I could feel her little body quivering.

"Oh, M. Pierre," she whispered at last, "I heard all that Mere Fouchon said this afternoon," and I raised my hand to her face to find it wet with tears.

"Well," I said, "what then, Ninon?"

"And do you love her so very much, this Nanette?"

"Yes, very much, Ninon."

"Enough to die for her, perhaps?"

"Oh, yes," I answered. "To die for her were nothing, Ninon.'

"That is right, M. Pierre," she whispered, and her voice was shaking. "That is the way to love. I have seen her. She is pretty, oh so pretty, even though her eyes were red with weeping. Tell me, M. Pierre, must one be pretty to be loved?"

"Oh, no, Ninon," I said. "One needs only to be good. You are good, Ninon, and there will be somebody some day who will love you and who will make you happy.

She said nothing for a moment, as though pondering this answer.

"No, there never will be any one, M. Pierre," she said at last, with a little sigh. "But this Nanette—ah, she is adorable. She heard your voice when you came in that night, calling her name. She thinks you dead, M. Pierre. They have told her that you are dead, that you were killed that night. I believe she loves you also, she has wept so much."

"Oh, if I am only in time,' I said, trembling with apprehension, and I picked up my chain again.

'Yes, I will go,' said the girl; and then, "will you do something for me, M. Pierre?"

"You have only to name it, Ninon."

"Kiss me good-by, Monsieur. You may not have time in the morning."

"But I am coming back for you, Ninon," I cried. "It is not good-by. You are to live with us always."

"No, no," and she was sobbing again. "That cannot be. I am not of your world, Monsieur. I am of the darkness. I could not bear the light. I am hideous, Monsieur—I know it."

"Come here, Ninon," I whispered. "I will kiss you good-night, not good-by. You shall be pretty, Ninon, when you live surrounded by our love, as you are going to live."

She pressed her lips to mine, and then went away, still sobbing softly. As the door closed, I set to work again at my chain, knowing that no sound I might make could penetrate those massive walls. The hours passed, my hands were torn and bleeding, but still I urged the file back and forth across the iron. The cut in the link was slowly growing deeper—but, oh, so slowly. At last it was almost through, and I paused from sheer exhaustion. My brain was reeling and my hands were shaking like those of a man with palsy. I laid my head back against the wall and closed my eyes. Tired nature conquered and I fell asleep.

"Oh, M. Pierre," crted a voice in my ear, "you have slept!"

I opened my eyes with a start. It was Ninon, this time with a lantern.

"You have slept!" she cried again.

"You have not severed the chain. It is morning, and you will be too late!"

"Too late, yes, too late!" I cried. And all because of my accursed weakness!" and I picked up my chain and tore at it like a madman.

"She has gone away," cried Ninon. "She said she would be back in an hour. She took Nanette with her. When she returns we are to leave Paris."

I groaned. My hands were trembling so I could not control them. I tried to pick up the file and found that I could not hold it.

"It is too late," I groaned. "Did she tell you to give me a vial, Ninon?"

"Yes, yes," she cried. "Here it is," and she held it up.

"Give it to me," I said, and reached for it.

"What is it, M. Pierre?" she asked, springing back, her eyes large with terror.

"No matter," I anewsred. "Give it to me, Ninon. It is the easiest way."

"No, no! Be a man, Monsieur! Oh, you are a man—such a brave man!" and she raised the vial and dashed it against the wall. It broke with a little crash. The liquid trickled down over the stones and filled the cell with a pleasant, sweetish odor.

"Give me the file," she said, and took it from my palsied hand. "Do not despair, Monsieur, there is yet time," and she was filing away at the chain with all her little strength. "Oh, I was wrong to say you slept. See, it is almost through. In half an hour it will be quite through, and you will be free."

Back and forth the file went. I watched her stupidly and saw without understanding it that her hands turned red and that the chain was red with blood.

"Think of Nanette, M. Pierre," she said, looking up for a moment into my eyes. "Think of Nanette, that dear Nanette, whom you are going to rescue presently—whom you are going to make so happy."

I was sobbing wildly, out of sheer weakness.

"Hasten!" I whispered. "Oh, hasten, Ninon!"

She sprang to her feet with a little cry of triumph.

"It is done!" she cried. "The chain is through. Take hold here, Monsieur. Now pull. Pull with all your might. Ah!"

The chain was broken. I staggered towards the outer door like a drunken man.

"Free!" I muttered to myself. "Free!" and I reeled through the door into the outer room .

Ninon was beside me, her finger on her lips, her face white with fear.

"Hush," she whispered. "I hear footsteps. She is returning. Perhaps there are others with her. In here, quick," and before I could resist, even if in my great weakness I had thought of resistance, she pushed me into a little closet, just as Mere Fouchon unlocked the outer door and entered.

CHAPTER XIV.

Greater Love Than Mine.

I leaned against the wall of the little closet in which I was, and looked out through the half-opened door into the room. I saw that Mere Fouchon carried in her arms a leathern bag, which she placed upon the table with a sigh of relief at being rid of its weight.

"Come, make ready," she cried to the girl, "the wagon will be her in a moment. Did you give our friend the bottle?"

As she turned, she perceived that the door of my cell was open. She sprang to it, cast one look within and saw by the light of the lantern that it was empty.

"He is gone!" she screamed, and turnedher glaring eyes and working face upon the girl. "You drab, it was with your help!"

Doubtless in that instant she saw her plans crumbling about her, she felt the meshes of the law tightening, at the end of the path loomed the black gibbet. This time she would not escape! Small wonder that the blood leaped to her eyes, as she stood there trembling, strangled by rage, unable to speak!

Then the bonds loosened and she sprung upon the girl like a cat upon its prey.

"Curse you!" she screamed. "You shall pay for it—you!" and she snatched a knife from the table.

In an instant, my strength and manhood came back to me, and I dashed open the door.

"You devil!" I said between my teeth. "You devil!" and I was upon her.

Even as I grasped her hair, she raised the knife and plunged it deep into the girl's breast. I dragged back her head, dashed my fist into her face and threw her against the wall with all my strength. She struck with a dull crash, rebounded to the floor and lay there with closed eyes, the blood oozing from her nose and mouth, her red knife still in her hand.

"Pray heaven, I have killed you!" I said, and stooped and raised Ninon in my arms.

She opened her eyes and gazed at me with a smile of ineffable sweetness.

"It is better so," she whispered. "I was not of your world, M. Pierre, and now I shall not have to live when you are gone."

The hot tears were on my cheeks as I looked at her, and she raised her hand to my face with a gesture of tenderness inexpressible.

"Are those tears for me?" she asked. "Oh, how glad I am that you care enough to weep! I am not sorry to die. I had never dreamed that I should have the joy of dying in your arms like this, with your dear eyes looking down upon me. And you will soon dry your tears, M. Pierre, when you look upon another face more beautiful—oh, a thousand times more beautiful than mine."

I opened my mouth, but could not speak. I felt her body stiffening in my arms.

"You told me," she whispered, "that you loved her enough to die for her, M. Pierre. But I love you more than that—oh, so much more than that! I love you enough to give you to another, M. Pierre—to die that she may possess you."

She gazed at me a moment longer, then her eyes slowly closed, her lips parted in a sigh that bore her spirit with it. I was sobbing wildly as I laid the little form reverently upon the pallet in one corner and turned to go. As I did so I fancied I saw Mere Fouchon move.

"So you are not dead," I said, speaking aloud as though she could hear me. "Well, you shall not escape," and catching her by the arm, I dragged her within the cell and shut the door. As I pushed it into place, I saw that by swinging back two slabs of stone, the door was masked, and the wall of the cellar was apparently unbroken. I trembled as I thought what my fate would have been had Mere Fouchon thrown those stones into place and gone away.

As I turned again into the outer room my eyes fell upon the bag which she had placed on the table. It opened it and astonished to find it full of gold. I understood in a moment. It was the price Ribaut had paid for Nanette.

"Come," I said, "I will take this with me. It will be proof of my story."

I left the room and found myself at the foot of a flight of stairs which led to a hallway above. Following this, I came to a room which I recognized as that which I had entered sword in hand in pursuit of Mere Fouchon. As I stepped into it, I heard some one knocking at the outer door. I flung it open, and saw outside a man who shrank back in alarm as his eyes fell upon me. A cart was standing in the street.

"Ah, it is the driver," I cried. "Come, my friend, you are to take me to the Palais Royal as quickly as possible."

"I came for a woman, not for a madman" he protested.

"I am no madman," I said. "Come," and I opened my bag and gave him a louis. "This will pay you for your trouble."

"Where is the woman?" he asked.

"She no longer has need of you."

He looked at me a moment with staring eyes.

"Monsieur," he said at last, "a crime has been committed here."

"I do not deny it,' I answered, "only it is not I who have committed it. Why, man, I want you to take me to M. d'Argenson at the Palais Royal. Do you think I should go there, if I had committed a crime?"

"To M. d'Argenson?" he repeated. 'Ah, ah—that is different. Come, Monsieur, I will take you,' and he sprang into his cart. I was beside him ere the words were spoken.

"Make haste!" I cried, and leaned against the side of the cart, sick with apprehension. If I should be too late!

He whipped his horse into a run and we bumped rapidly along the street and across the river to the quays. Here the crowd delayed us and we could proceed but slowly. At last we reached a side street and turned into it at a gallop. In a moment we had crossed the Rue St. Honore and were at the Palais Royal. I sprang from the wagon and up the steps into the ante-chamber just as the clocks were striking eight. I ran straight to the man who stood at the inner door.

"Tell M. d'Argenson that M. le Moyne is here to make his report and that it is important," I panted.

He stared at me a moment in amazement and then disappeared through the door. In an instant he was back.

"You are to enter, Monsieur," he said, and closed the door behind me.

D'Argenson was seated at his table, and he gazed at me in astonishment.

"Good God, M. le Moyne," he cred, "what has happened to you?"

Not until that moment lid I realize the strangeness of my appearance—my hair matted with blood, my clothing torn and filthy, an iron belt around my waist from which dangled a chain a foot long, my doublet red with Ninon's blood. I did not wonder that the carter had believed me a madman, or that he had had scented a crime.

Briefly as possible I told my story, d'Argenson listening in silence to the end. As I finished, he struck a bell at his elbow. The usher entered instantly.

"My carriage at once," he said, "and send two men to a house in the Rue de Chevet of which they will see the street door open. They will find an old woman lying in the inner portion of the cellar, and will lodge her at once in the conciergerie."

The man bowed and withdrew. D'Argenson picked up the bag of money which I had placed on the table before him, and after a glance at its contents, threw it into a drawer, which he locked.

"The wedding, you say, is to take place at nine o'clock?" he asked.

"Yes, Monsieur, at the Church of St. Landry."

"Ah, well, we shall be there," and d'Argenson smiled, "and I fancy we shall have a little surprise for M. Ribaut and M. Briquet. I do not think that Mere Fouchon, or Mme. Basarge, will ever trouble you again, Monsieur. Her hour has struck."

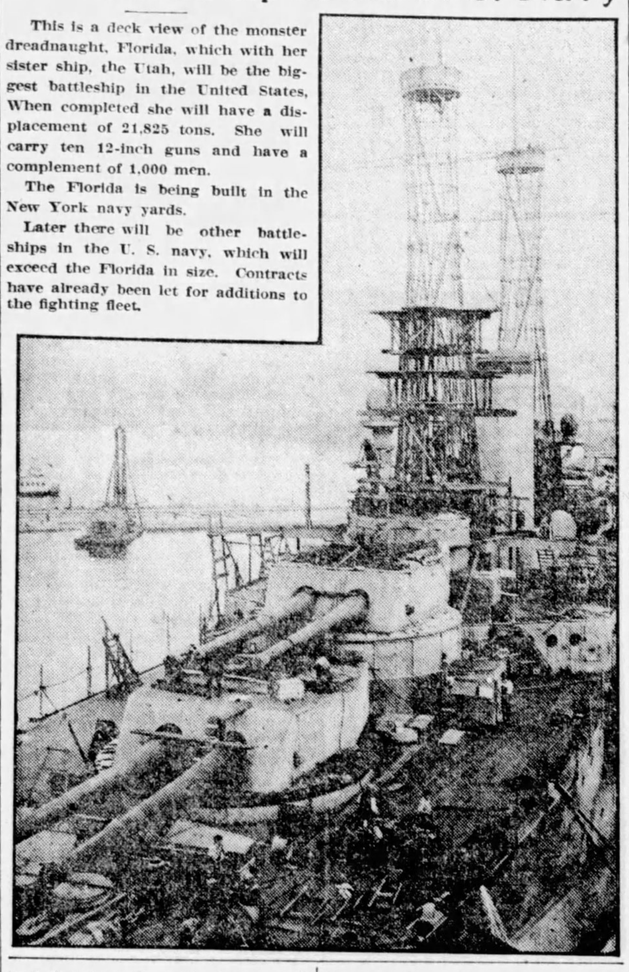
(To be Continued.)

An Unusual View of Biggest Battleship in the U. S. Navy

This is a deck view of the monster dreadnaught, Florida, which with her sister ship, the Utah, will be the biggest battleship in the United States, When completed she will have a displacement of 21,825 tons. She will carry ten 12-inch guns and have a complement of 1,000 men.

The Florida is being built in the New York navy yards.

Later there will be other battleships in the U. S. navy, which will exceed the Florida in size. Contracts have already been let for additions to the fighting fleet.



Gray Uniforms in Night Battles.

Army and Navy Journal.

Probability of much night fighting in future gives added value to the new gray uniform of the German soldiers. While this attire proved its superior invisibility at the recent maneuvers during the daytime, it was in the night fighting that its effectiveness was best demonstrated. In daylight men engaged in patrol duty and security service were unseen by the enemy, but those in dark blue in the hostile forces at once drew their fire. Numerous fights took place at night with searchlights, and then it was found that the gray was universally appreciated.

Troops wearing the old uniforms were clearly visible on the ground, even while lying down, while those in gray were extremely difficult to discover, even when in close order. It is obvious that any color harmonizing with the paleness of artificial light will be more effective as a shield from detection.

"Uncle Tom" in England.

Truth.

I see it stated that Uncle Tom's Cabin was "a wild success from the moment of its first issue in England." This is altogether inaccurate. Uncle Tom was declined by a well known London publisher, but another firm brought out an edition of 2,500 copies at half a crown. This proved a failure, so the price was reduced to one shilling and then the book sold rapidly. In a few weeks every one was reading it. The firm which had made a good thing out of this speculation were anxious to secure Mrs. Stowe's next work, so they gave her £500 for the early sheets of the key to Uncle Tom's Cabin, of which an edition of 50,000 copies was printed, but the book proved a disastrous failure. Mrs. Stowe's second title was Life Among the Lowly, but this was changed in England to Negro Life in the Slave States of America.

Identification.

National Monthly.

A man who was "wanted" in Russia had been photographed in six different positions and the pictures were duly circulated among the police departments. The chief of one of these wrote to headquarters a few days after the issue of the set of portraits, reporting as follows: "I have received the portraits of the six miscreants whose capture is desired. I have arrested five of them, and the sixth is under observation and will be secured shortly."

Kathleen Mavourneen.

Kathleen Mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill,
The lark from her light wing the night dew is shaking,
Kathleen Mauvourneen, what, slumbering still?

Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh, hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
It may be for years, and it may be forever!
Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?

Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers;
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light,
Ah, where is the spell that once hung on thy numbers?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night.

Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are failing
To think that from Erin and thee I must part!
It may be for years, and it may be forever!
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart? —Crouch.

Fine Lands Almost Empty

THE world does not look crowded or even comfortably filled when the census returns come in from some extensive and attractive regions. There are countries which have so few people in proportion to their area that the wonder is that they have not drawn more men and women from cities and rural districts in old lands which are heavily taxed to care for their inhabitants.

New Zealand is a striking example of this near approach to emptiness in countries which are so favored by nature that they might be expected to fill up rapidly by immigration.

The islands in the southern part of the Pacific ocean which constitute that British colony have nearly as many square miles as Italy. They cover as much land as Ohio, Indiana and West Virginia. It is true that New Zealand is far from Europe, but in these days ocean voyages are not the barrier which they used to be to homeseekers eager to try their fortunes in remote countries.

In some respects there is scarcely any part of the world as favored as New Zealand. The climate is mild without being hot or enervating. It is never very cold and work goes on easily all through the year. Little fuel is required for warming dwellings. The changes of clothing called for by the seasons are moderate. There is seldom lack of rain enough for the crops.

The islands which constitute this British dependency are very fertile. They have a good deal of forest timber. Minerals are found in fair variety and abundance. The country is good for live stock. Sheep flourish mightily.

Transportation problems can never bother New Zealand seriously because there is no spot in the country which is far from a natural harbor giving access to the open highways of the sea. The climate agrees with Europeans and the death rate is extremely low.

Forty years ago these facts seemed to be having their natural effect. Then the population of New Zealand was small, but it was increasing at a very high rate per cent. In the decade from 1871 to 1881 the growth of the islands was about 233,000 which slightly exceeded 90 per cent. It appeared probable that New Zealand might continue to grow at that rate for a considerable period, until it gained a large population.

In the last 10 years, however, the total growth in New Zealand has been only about 27 per cent. The rate of increase has been little more than it was in the United States in the same period, and many persons think this country is really near the limit of its resources for sustaining larger numbers.

By the latest census, taken a few weeks ago, New Zealand had little more than 1,000,000 inhabitants. If it were only as well filled as Ohio it would contain 12,000,00. In the last 40 years the gain in the population of the islands has been only about 800,000, or about 20,000 annually. Cleveland or Detroit can show as large a yearly increase as that.

When such conditions exist in a country often written about and widely studied because of its radical experiments in government and generally praised for its beauty and fertility and the comfort of life there, it is evident that the old earth is very far from being filled. Its capacity has not yet been anywhere near tested when New Zealand can count only about 1,050,000 inhabitants occupying 106,000 square miles. That fact is equally clear in Argentina, where 7,000,000 people have a country of great natural resources which is one-third as large as the United States.

Canada is another vast region not half filled, probably not one-quarter occupied. South Africa and the highlands of East Africa are still little tilled or settled by white men. Brazil and Mexico have wide areas which will yet be put to good account that are almost uninhabited. Asia has regions, like Asia Minor, which may easily multiply their inhabitants by ten.

Making Icicles

Harper's Weekly.

At Balingen, in Wurtemberg, a singular method of making ice from pure water is practiced. A wood structure about 20 feet high and 20 feet square, and open at the top and sides, is provided in the centre with a tube connected with a water main by which water may be raised to the top and then sprayed around by a rotating disk. The water falls upon two open floors, each consisting of 18 beams widely spaced, one at the top of the structure and one half-way down. Freezing weather being chosen for the operation, the water dripping from the beams rapidly forms huge icicles, and in very cold weather the mass of ice thus created sometimes amounts to 700 cubic feet in a single night.

ASHTON-KIRK INVESTIGATOR

By JOHN T. McINTYRE.

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CHAPTER XVII.

What Happened on the Road.

About half an hour after Ashton-Kirk had left the Vale mansion, a Maillard car drew up before the door. As it did so, an Italian laborer arose from the curb not far away where he had been comfortably seated with his back against a tree; then throwing his arms wide in a luxurious yawn, he started leisurely down the street.

Five minutes later, a veiled dust-coated female figure descended the step; the driver of the Maillard was dismissed, and Miss Vale composedly took his place at the wheel. As the car started forward, the gauntleted hands guided it firmly; the steady eyes were set straight ahead as the lever was pushed first to one speed and then another.

And as the rapid pulse of the motor was borne along the quiet avenue, the Italian laborer calmly appeared from around a corner, pushing a powerful-looking motor cycle before him. Another moment and the machine was sounding its wild fusillade; the Italian sped away in the same direction as the Maillard, his battered soft hat set jauntily upon the back of his head his gay-colored neckerchief streaming in the wind.

The car kept to the avenue for a long time; but finally in the far suburbs it made a sharp turn to the left and a few miles further on shot into a broad highway that ran parallel with the railroad.

Bending forward so as to offer the least resistance to the wind, the Italian's swarthy face relaxed at this. his fine white teeth showed in a smile.

"Cordova, I think," muttered he, in very good English. "If not, then somewhere very near to it."

Once upon the highway, which was hard, level and practically deserted, the Maillard increased its speed. Eddies of dust curled in its wake; its hum resembled that of a gigantic top; its shining brass and smooth gloss made it look like a streak of light But the motor cycle was of the best its compact, powerful mechanism answered bravely to each call that was made upon it by the dark-faced man in the saddle; its explosions had merged into one long volley.

At a small and not very firm-looking bridge the Maillard slowed down; apparently for the first time Miss Vale heard the cycle in the rear, for she turned and gave it a quick look. But the dust of her own progress hung thickly in the air and she could not see very clearly. Passing the bridge at a low rate of speed, she turned again. The dark face of the rider, his battered hat and flying 'kerchief seemed to satisfy her; for once more she gave attention to her course, and again the car increased its speed. A mile or two further on there was a rather broken stretch of road and she was forced to slow down. As the sound of her own vehicle diminished, she, as before, caught the volleying of the motorcycle; and as she turned the eyes that looked through the veil were intent and searching.

This time she apepared not so well satisfied, for upon reaching the end of the broken stretch, she drew her car to one side and stopped. As the hammering explosions of the motorcycle grew plainer and plainer she sat rigidly erect upon her seat, her face turned directly ahead. But a close observer would have noted a slow movement of her right hand among the folds of the dust coat; and if he was also an experienced observer he would have immediately understood that Miss Vale did not venture alone and unarmed upon the road.

However, the Italian never even gave her a glance as he came up; his machine flew by with a swirl, amid a crashing crescendo; then it disappeared in the dust of the distance.

But Miss Vale, when she once more resumed her journey, had not gone much more than a mile when she came upon the same swarthy son of the south and his vociferous machine. But the latter was now silent enough; it leaned against a fence, and its rider knelt beside it, a wrench in his hand, testing its parts carefully and intently.

The Maillard was less than a quarter of a mile away when Miss Vale caught the rapid series of explosions once more. With a quick glance ahead, she threw the lever forward and the car tore along at a breathless rate. Fences ran by in a giddy, staggering line; trees seemed merged into one tangle of branches; the dust arose in solid towers behind her. However, she held to this but a scant five minutes; her breath was short when she decreased the power; the hands upon the wheel shook a little, but her head was held erect, her face was still purposefuly set forward.

Above the decreasing hum of her car came the swift, brave shocks of the motorcycle. But, if there was a dread that fell to tightening at her heart, she showed it little. The Maillard still bore swiftly on; she did not once turn her head.

A little further on there came into view a post with a series of white, pointing sign-boards, that indicated a cross-roads. When still a hundred yards from this the car stopped once more; again the Italian flew by; again he vanished, this time around a bend beyond the cross-roads. But once hidden by the bend, he stopped and got down; the smile again appeared upon his face, the brilliant teeth shone good naturedly.

"A simple little ruse," he said to himself, "and one that I've seen used with effect more than once. Evidently Miss Vale has her wits about her.'

Leaning against his machine he waited and listened. From around the bend came the low sound of the Maillard; nearer and nearer it came for a time; then it began to recede. At this the Italian remounted; the explosions of his motor were muffled as he went swiftly along upon the way by which he had come. At the cross-roads he slowed up and examined the ground. Deep in the dust was the broad impress of the tires, showing the car to have taken the turn to the left. Then swiftly the cycle turned into the same road and took up the trail once more.

Some three miles further on, the track veered back toward the highway along a badly cut dirt road.

"Slow going for a heavy car," said the pursuer calmly. "It will not be long before I sight it again."

There was a hard, beaten footpath at one side of the road; taking to this, the man on the motorcycle found it easy traveling enough. Shortly after he caught sight of the Maillard as it made its way through the binding ruts; then he slowed down and ran easily along the path, content, apparently, to keep in sound of the chase.

But upon finally reaching the highway, he increased his speed until he sighted the dust of the car; this he hung to like a beagle, but never once allowed the car itself to come into view.

At last the sounds of the Maillard ceased and the pall of dust thinned and disolved itself in the air. The motorcycle ran swiftly on until the car, now at a standstill, became visible; then the Italian got down, took out a pair of field-glasses and swept the highway before him.

What he saw must have satisfied him that there would be no more use for his machine for a time, at least; for he pushed it to a place where there was a break in a fence and concealed it behind a musty-looking corn shock, left from the fall before. Then placing the glass under his arm he walked guardedly along the road in the direction of Miss Vale's car.

Some distance further on there was a tall swamp maple growing by the roadside; it was an easy task to mount into its branches from the top fence-rail; then resting snugly in a high fork, he elevated his glass and proceeded to scan the scene before him.

Miss Vale had descended from her car; her

car; her flush line veil was raised, and she was girlishly picking at the mechanism with hands sheathed in canvas gloves. With apparent intentness she took out the tools; small parts were inspected minutely. And yet, for all that, there was something unusual in her manner; every now and then she would lift her head, casually, so it seemed, and glance away across the fields.

"And always to the right," murmured the man in the tree-top, after a little.

At once the big field glass swept around in that direction.

"A house," added the watcher, with great satisfaction.

The building was almost buried in a thick growth of trees; its white sides and red roof shone in the sun through branches abud with April.

Suddenly, in the midst of her labor, Miss Vale paused; her manner changed, the tools were dropped, the parts lost interest. Facing the house, she yawned, with arms thrown wide after the manner of one much wearied with a task; then she took off the gloves, unpinned her hat and smoothed her hair. This as gone through with careful elaboration and afterwards there was a pause; the girl then gathered up the things; got into the machine, placed her hat upon the seat beside her, went careening away with never a backward glance.

But the man in the tree seemed in no haste to follow; instead he covered the distant house with his glass and waited patiently. Five, 10, 15 minutes passed, then half an hour and finally an hour. At the end of that time, however, a figure emerged from the trees about the house and walked hastily toward the house; the eyes of the watcher glistened, his fine teeth shone in an appreciative smile.

Reaching the road where the car had stopped, the newcomer, who was young, well-dressed and rather good looking, suddenly paused, stooped and lifted something from the ground. He held in his hands the work gloves of Miss Vale, which she had dropped after taking them off. For a moment the young man stood looking at them as though hesitating what to do; then he turned, went to the roadside and placed them carefully upon the top rail of the fence. Then trudging along on his way, he unsuspectingly passed beneath the maple which concealed the man with the glass.

When he was out of sight the Italian slipped down the tree and ran lightly along the road to the place where the gloves lay. He took up one and looked within; but it was empty. However, in the thumb of the next was a slip of paper which bore a single line of writing:

"Tobin Rangnow."

Studying this for a moment, the Italian made a copy of it. Then he slipped it back into the thumb of the glove and replaced both exactly as they were; after which he made his way back to the motor cycle, and mounting, went flying toward the city.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Ashton-Kirk Tells Why.

It was about 4 in the afternoon, and young Pendleton sat in Ashton-Kirk's big chair, reading the newspapers and waiting. Finally he rang a bell and Stumph gravely appeared.

"Are you sure that he said three?" asked Pendleton.

"About three, sir," replied the man.

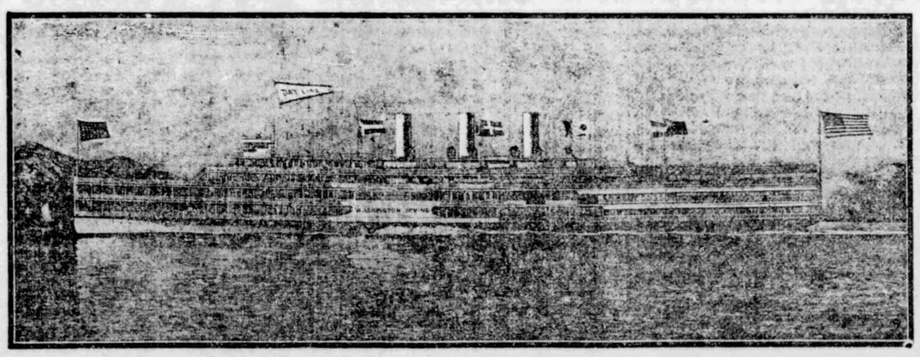
"Oh! I suppose he's been detained then. That will be all, Stumph!"

When the man disappeared, Pendleton lighted a cigar and resumed his reading. The Hume case was still holding its place as the news feature of the day. Nothing had occurred to equal it in sensation; and the huge headings flared across the front page undiminished and undismayed.

"Why," screamed the Standard, in a perfect frenzy of letter press, "did Miss Edyth Vale visit Hume on the night of the murder?"

The girl's name had crept into the

IRVING'S FINE NAMESAKE CAN CARRY 6,000



Steamer Washington Irving.

Another epoch in the history of the world's inland marine will be established by the placing in service of a new Hudson river day line steamer to be called the Washington Irving.

It is expected to have her in operation in May, 1913, when she will go in the service between New York and Albany as the big sister of the Hendrik Hudson.

The new steamer will have a licensed capacity for 6,000 passengers. This will lift the honor of carrying the largest certificate ever issued in the world from the Hendrick Hudson. A small-sized city population can be carried at tach trip.

The Washington Irving will have no bar or sleeping accommodations and will carry no freight.

paper on the day before; with each edition it appeared in larger type and that afternoon the Standard was printing it in red ink. Allan Morris was not neglected; on the contrary, he figured a very close second to his betrothed in the types.

"Where is Allan Morris?"

One paper asked this question perhaps fifty times on each page. It peered at one in square, heavy-faced type from the bottoms of columns and between articles. There were interviews with his clerks; the opinions of his stenographer were given in full, together with her portrait; and what his man servant had to say was treated as being of great consequence.

Another sheet, which made a point of appealing to the tastes of the vast foreign element of the city, grew very indignant as to the arrest of Antonio Spatola.

"Why," it inquired, "is this man detained and no attempt made to take those higher up into custody? If the Police Department is so ready to incarcerate a poor musician, why should it hesitate upon the threshold of the rich man's mansion?—or the rich woman's, for the matter of that?"

This item incensed Pendleton beyond measure; he threw the paper aside and stormed up and down the room.

"Of all the blatant wretched twaddle I ever did read," he exclaimed, "this is positively the worst. Why, the rag would have the police arrest Edyth—arrest her for—"

"Well," demanded a sharp, aggressively pitched voice, "what for you make-a da blame, eh? Da cops pinch-a Spatola, and for why, eh? Because he's da wop, da Ginney, da Dago and got-a no friends."

At the first word Pendleton had whirled about in astonishment, and faced the speaker, who stood in the doorway, pointing with one hand in the attitude of melodrama.

"Well," asked the young man, "who the deuce are you?"

By way of an answer the other burst into a laugh that showed his brilliant teeth; then he threw off his battered soft hat and gayly colored handkerchief, after which he sank into the chair which Pendleton had lately vacated.

"Pen," said he, in an altered voice, "if you appreciate my friendship at all, give me one of the blackest cigars in the case over there."

Pendleton stared for a moment; then a grin crept over his face and he said:

"Oh, it's you, is it?" He went to the cabinet and took out a box. "Here's a brand that looks like black Havana," he said. "And now, what the dickens are you doing in that rig?"

"I've been taking a long ride in the country—on a motor cycle," answered Ashton-Kirk, crossing his shabbily clothed legs and striking a match. "Any time you feel disinclined to face your meals, Pen, I recommend you heartily to do the same. It's a greater bracer. At this moment I really believe I could do complete justice to even the very best culinary thoughts of our friend, Dr. Mercer."

Pendleton sat down and regarded his friend with questioning eyes.

"It wasn't to acquire an appetite that you made up this way. You've been working."

Ashton-Kirk comfortably blew one smoke-ring through another before he answered.

"Will you be surprised to hear that I have been following Miss Edyth Vale on a little voyage to the neighborhood of Cordova?"

"Again!"

"But this time she did not pay a visit to Professor Locke. Today the favored one was Allan Morris."

"Morris! Then she knows where he is?"

"So it would seem."

"But she told you the other day that she did not."

Ashton-Kirk shrugged his shoulders.

"Things happen swiftly and unexpectedly,' said he. "Perhaps she did not know it then."

"And perhaps she did not know Locke or his whereabouts, either," said Pendleton, with bitter irony.

"Who knows?" replied Ashton-Kirk, composedly. 'At any rate, it was just a supposition that led to my labors of today."

"I dont' think I understand,' said Pendleton after a moment.

"Last night," said the investigator, "you asked me if I had learned anything from Professor Locke. And I replied to the effect that I thought I had. Now," after a pause, devoted to the grateful smoke, "when one sees a girl circumstanced as Miss Vale assuredly is in this case, paying a secret visit to a man who is rather more than suspected of the murdery what does one suppose?"

"That she is leagued with him, somehow," replied Pendleton, reluctantly.

'Exactly. But on the other hand, when the same girl, upon sight of us, rushes off and leaves the man to face us without giving him a hint as to who we are, what does one suppose?"

But Pendleton rose gloomily and strode over to the window.

"I don't know," said he.

"One supposes,' proceeded Ashton-Kirk, 'that she has not much interest in him." Here Pendleton faced about again. "If she had been leagued with him, as you put it, you may be sure that she would have managed to warn him in some way as to our identity. But that she had not done so, the mute's manner told me as plainly as words could have done. Seeing this, I began figuring what it meant. If she was not associated with Locke in the crime, why was she there? Immediately came the answer—through Morris. But, when I saw her last, she denied any knowledge of Morris' whereabouts. Then I reasoned, she had seen him in the interim."

"That's it," cried Pendleton, as he stepped forward and slapped the table with his palm; "that's it, beyond a doubt! He's managed to get word to her; she's seen him; he's told her all or part of the truth; and once more she's trying to help him. Why, Kirk, I'll venture to say," hot with indignation, "that she was led to visit this little scoundrel Locke, last night, much as she was led to visit Hume's place on the night of the murder—completely in the dark, and merely with some sort of a vague notion of protecting Morris."

"Perhaps you are right, but I can't exactly say. But that she has seen Morris I have made quite sure."

"How?"

"Last night when I appeared at Locke's window, I established a reason for calling upon her this morning, also I laid a foundation for what followed. Before the call I made certain preparations for a quick change of front," with a gesture that called attention to his costume; "in our conversation, I managed to tell her that Morris' hiding place was discovered. Then I left. As I expected, she at once called her car and set off to warn him; and I followed close behind upon the motorcycle."

"I see, I see. And did you get sight of him?"

Ashton-Kirk nodded. Then he proceeded to relate the story of the noonday run to the country house which Morris had selected as a hiding place. When he had finished, Pendleton sat frowning blackly.

"Secret signals," said he. "He fears discovery so much that he has forbidden her approaching the house. A regular code has been arranged, eh? And the gloves were dropped in the road purposely; he slipped his answer into one of them; on her way back she discovers her supposed loss, looks for the gloves, and finds them. It is quite ornate," with a bitter sneer.

Then he took from the investigator's hand the card upon which he had copied the message of Allan Morris.

"Tobin Rangnow," he read. Then looking up he inquired with a wan smile. "More secret writing, eh? Or is it a man's name?"

"There is a decided Irish flavor to Tobin," answered Ashton-Kirk. "But Rangnow is unfamiliar to me; and if it is a name at all, it is of eastern European origin. In that case," laughing, "it could scarcely be expected to share the honors with Tobin."

He took the card from Pendleton and looked at it thoughtfully. Then he glanced up in a satisfied sort of way:

"As you suggested, Miss Vale no doubt returned, recovered her gloves and read the message," said he. "As she had just warned him that his hiding place was discovered, it is only natural to suppose that his answer would have something to do with his future movements."

"That seems likely enough," said Pendleton.

"Look here; if we put a comma between the two words," went on the investigator, taking out a pencil and doing so, "the thing takes on the appearance of a name and address."

Once more he gave the card to Pendleton; then rising he went to the telephone stand and took up the directory. Skimming rapidly through this he paused at a page and went down its columns carefully. Then with a laugh he slapped it shut.

"We have it," declared he. "When we so desire, we can call at an apartment house known as the 'Rangnow' and inquire for Mr. Tobin. And when we see that gentleman we shall be looking upon one in the confidence of Allan Morris."

There was a long pause on the part of Pendleton. Ashton-Kirk rang for Stumph and directed him to turn the water into his bath, and get him out some fresh linen. It was after the man had gone that Pendleton spoke.

"When you came in, Kirk," he said, "you said something which conveyed the notion that you would not be much astonished if the police took up the Hume matter with Edyth Vale."

"It is only the fact that the newspapers were first in discovering her apparent connection with it, that has kept Osborne and his fellows from visiting her before this. Jealousy, you know, does many strange things."

Pendleton did not reply; he bent his head and covered his face with his hands. Ashton-Kirk went on:

"The reasonable thing for her to do would be to come forward and tell the plain truth."

"But don't you see that that is the very thing that her brave nature will not do? She's protecting Morris; and she'll go on protecting him, no matter what the consequence to herself."

"In that event," said the investigator slowly, "we cannot be in too great a hurry in removing the cause that keeps Morris in hiding."

"You'll have a task in that," said Pendleton. "As far as I can see, the man is up to his eyes in the crime; and that's why he is lying low."

"I have warned you before now against jumping at conclusions," said the other, quietly. "Allan Morris may be a confederate of Locke's, or he may not. We have yet to establish the fact either way. And now, pardon me while I take a plunge and get into something presentable."

(To Be Continued.)

BLADE PATTERNS---LATEST FASHIONS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

4095—Ladies' Dressing Sacque.

The dressing sacque shown in the accompanying illustration offers a charming model for any of the pretty fabrics used for this garment. It has the Gibson shoulder effect, and ornamental closing and a full bishop sleeve which may be left open and free instead of being gathered into a cuff. The fulness of the back is drawn in by gathers at the waist line and that of the front is held in place by the ribbon belt.

The pattern, 4095, is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. To make the garment in the medium size will require 2 yards of material 36 inches wide with the flowing sleeve, and if bishop sleeve is used 3⅞ yards of 27-inch material.

4616—Boys' Russian Suit.

This suit is really a smock, much like the real article worn in Russia. It differs, however, in minor parts. First there is a buttoned closing in the center front. There is also a chemisette and a pocket is inserted in one side of the front and a belt holds in the garment at the waistline.

Galatea, linen, pique, gingham, madras, etc., can all be used for this suit.

The pattern, 4616, is cut in sizes 1, 2 and 3 years. The 2-year size requires 2¼ yards of 27-inch material.

1246—Misses' Drawers.

This pair of closed drawers are fitted by means of darts on the hips. They are circular in cut and close in the center front. Deep embroidered edging or plain material may be used for the ruffle.

Cambric, muslin and long cloth are the most appropriate material for underwear.

The pattern, 1246, is cut in sizes 13 to 17 years. For 15 year size it requires 1⅝ yards of 36-inch material with 2¾ yards of edging and 1½ yards of beading.

5342—Misses' Tunic Dress.

In this dress we have really two gowns. There is a princess lining for the foundation, and this has the new panel cut in front. The upper part is faced for the peasant yoke and the lower part is trimmed with a band at the hem.

Over the whole is placed the tunic, which is straight across both top and bottom, where there is a band of trimming.

This is an uncommonly good model for marquisette, in either the silk or the cotton varieties, for organdie, messaline or any other of the very soft fabrics, as silk, silk and cotton.

The pattern, 5342, is cut in sizes 14 to 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires to make as represented 8⅞ yards of 24-inch material, 1½ yard of 18-inch tucking, 4⅛ yards of lace banding. Of one material 5¾ yards of 44-inch will be needed.

5537—Ladies' Waist.

This simple waist is excellent for the light weight flannels and similar fabrics used in early autumn.

It has the kimono shoulder, the underarm gore and the new popular Quaker collar. In addition to flannel, it may be made of wash materials and also of silk and satin.

The pattern, 5537, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 3¼ yards of 27-inch material, with ⅝ yard of 27-inch contrasting material to trim.

5545—Child's Coat.

This novel coat is made without underarm seams, each half being in one piece and both joined together at the shoulder seam and down the centre of the back. The cape may be omitted if desired.

This is a good model for tweed, cheviot, wide wale serge, in two-tone effects and similar fabrics.

The pattern, 5545, is cut in sizes ½ to 5 years. Medium size requires 1⅞ yards of 44-inch material.

5548—Ladies' Six-Gore Skirt.

In this skirt we have a distinct novelty. It is cut with six gores and has the panel front and back, but the side gores are arranged to form deep, flat plents at the sides.

Panama, brilliantine, serge, cheviot and heather mixtures are appropriate for this skirt and also silk and satin.

The pattern, 5548, is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 50-inch material.

5550—Child's Kimono.

This novel little garment is among the one-piece articles of dress. It can be cut without arm seam from wide materials, or seamed down the back. The shoulder is seamless.

Cotton crepe, sateen, cashmere and many simple wash materials are suitable for this style.

The pattern, 5550, is cut in sizes 2 to 12 years. Medium size requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material.

5324—Stylish French Dress.

Many of the dresses for little girls this season are showing the long waisted effect. Our model is made in this style. The body portion is very long and produces a princess effect, straps outlining the panels in front and back. The short skirt is pleated all around and the opening of the dress is in the center of the back.

Serge, cheviot, basket weave cloth, and even satin and velvet are appropriate for this frock.

The pattern, 5324, is cut in sizes 6 to 12 years. Medium size requires 2⅝ yards of 44-inch material.

5095—Child's Yoke Dress.

Our illustration is provided with a square yoke, which extends in a little tab a few inches below the straight edge in the center of the front. All the edges of the yoke are outlined by a row of narrow in sertion. The skirts of the dress are gathered at the top and attached to the yoke. The small sleeves are of bishop design.

The pattern, 5095, is cut in sizes 1, 3 and 5 years. The 3-year size requires 2¾ yards of 27-inch material.

2882—A Kitchen Apron.

Aprons are not intended to be articles of beauty but they must be usefully fashioned. Such a model as the one we offer affords the best possible protection for the dress, no matter how or what the work in which the worker is engaged.

The apron is of sacque design and is shaped by seams under the arms and at the shoulders. It is high in the neck and has full length sleeves, but it may be cut away in the yoke style, shown in the back view and the sleeves may be shortened if desired.

The material most used for aprons of this kind is plain gingham which is both strong and serviceable.

The pattern, 2882, is cut in sizes 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. The 36 size requires 5⅛ yards of 36-inch material.

5402—Ladies' Waist.

Every conceivable variation of the peasant waist is used by the up-to-date dressmakers, and the style shown in the illustration is one of the best available.

Sleeve and bodice are cut in one. The neck is a little low in either round or square style and the edge of it is trimmed with an ornamental collar. These are the very latest thing. There is a standing collar and also a small chemisette which are made of some contrasting thin material. The closing is the novel feature. This begins at the extreme point of the small yoke on one side and extends to the belt on a bias line, ending about on a line with the other side of the yoke. The under sleeve may match the yoke or not.

Silk, satin, surah, pongee and mercerized gingham will make up well in this style.

The pattern, 5402, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2¼ yards of 44-inch material.

SEED WHEAT

FREE TO FARMERS.

By special arrangement, **THE RATEKIN'S SEED HOUSE, of Shenandoah, Iowa,** agree to mail **FREE,** a copy of their Winter Seed Wheat Catalog and a sample package of their New Imported Malakoff Wheat (a new Russian variety), to any and all who mention this paper. Write them direct today. The address is **RATEKIN'S SEED HOUSE, Shenandoah, Iowa,** and you will receive the catalog and sample by return mail.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible.

Will some reader of the Farmstead tell me what to do for the foreleg of my horse? There is a splint on the inside of the leg about three inches below the knee. The horse is not lame but the leg is swollen and tender.—P., Escondido, Calif.

There is something the matter with my six-year-old Jersey cow. Lumps about the size of a person's thumb appeared on her hindlegs two years ago. Recently a large one the size of a hen's egg came on her right shoulder. She licks this one a good deal with her tongue. I wish someone would tell me what the disease is.—K., Blanchester, O.

I would like to have a remedy for a cow with bloody milk printed in these columns.—C., Kingston, Tenn.

Will some reader please tell me what time of year to cut weeds so that they will not gro wagain?—G., East Jordan, Mich.

I have a turkey with a bloated crop. Will someone give a remedy for the same?—A., Oberlin, O.

I would like to know how to put pickles in brine so that they will remain hard and nice. Also please tell me how to can tomatoes to keep throughout the winter.—P., Maples, Ind.

TO GROW STRAWBERRIES

L., Carter, Tenn.—I see that you want to know whether one can grow strawberries from the seed or not. They will grow from the seed if you plant them early in the spring. Sandy loam is the best soil. It should be good soil but not too rich, as I have learned from experience.—U., Winn, Mich.

TO CURE LUMBAGO

W., West Chazy, N. Y.—From the symptoms you gave of the trouble with your pigs I think they have lumbago. I would like to suggest the following treatment: Turpentine, one ounce; aqua ammonia, one ounce; linseed oil, three ounces. Mix and apply twice a day until the skin becomes quite tender. Also give a teaspoonful of salts every day for some time. This will cure them.—O., Freeland, O.

ALFALFA SEED BED

The ideal seed bed for alfalfa should be well pulverized and well stored with soil moisture and available plant food. Be careful to sow good, strong, germinable seed at a favorable season when the seed will start immediately. I prefer to seed immediately after a rain as soon as the ground can be harrowed and put in good condition. If the alfalfa is seeded with a drill care should be taken not to plant it too deeply. One inch of mellow soil over the seed or one-half inch of firmed soil such as is left by the drill press wheels is sufficient. Or, you may sow broadcast and harrow once after seeding. Follow the plow immediately with the harror or disk, so as to pulverize the soil and prevent the furrow slice from drying out.

Continue the surface cultivation with the disk or harrow at intervals, as may be required, in order to destroy weeds, maintain a mulch of yellow soil and conserve the moisture. I prefer to ride the harrow during the early cultivation in order to pulverize the ground deeply. The later cultivations nearer seeding time should be more shallow. The plan should be to leave the seedbed mellow at the surface about two inches deep and pulverize and firmed below that depth at seeding time.

If the field is clean and free from weeds it may be advisable not to plow, but prepare the seedbed by disking and harrowing. Follow the first disking by a second disking as soon as the weeds start or the ground is packed by a heavy rain. Disk or double disk again if necessary and finish the cultivation the last week in August or the first week in September. If the fall is dry and the soil does not get into favorable condition to start the seed, do not plant the alfalfa in a seedbed that is not in condition to sprout the seed.—A. M. Ten Eyck, Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean.

CANADIAN THISTLES

The Wisconsin station has found it possible to destroy Canada thistles by the method which follows: Sow from 12 to 15 pounds of good medium red clover seed with a mixture of three or four pounds of timothy—this with either wheat or oats. As soon as the grain is well headed out and the thistles are about ready to bloom the whole should be cut and made into hay in order to give the clover a chance to develop. The land should then be pastured for the rest of the season, or possibly the field gone over with the mower so as to cut down the growth of thistles, if they grow too ranfi that fall. The next season the clover, if a good thick stand, will start out and get ahead of the thistles. As soon as the clover begins to head, which will be from the 12th to the 20th of June, it sould be cut and the first crop made into hay. A second crop should be cut later in the season, and as soon as this is removed the ground should be plowed up and thoroughly cultivated. This should be continued until the end of the season. No thistles should be allowed to grow green during the time. In the spring of the year, as soon as vegetation starts, the ground should again be gone over with the disk and the spring tooth cultivator and harrow. Clean cultivation should be maintained until about June 1. The land should then be planted to corn or potatoes, planted in check rows about three feet part each way. Following the corn or potato crop it is advisable to sow into winter grain, either winter wheat or rye, and again seed down to clover. The extra cultivation the land gets will more than pay in the increased yields obtained.

GRASS AS SOIL IMPROVER

Formerly the chief crop of the western plains was grass, and grass is still one of the most important crops of the west. On the hills and uplands, where nothing else will grow, buffalograss thrives, furnishing pasture for great herds of cattle. In the valleys and more favored locations, bluestem and other native prairie-grasses grow readily, producing thousands of tons of prairie hay annually. For persistency in resisting drouth and unfavorable conditions, no other crop can compare with the native grasses of the western prairies. However, one of the great problems to be solved by western agriculturists is how to handle these grasses so that they may be successfully and economically propagated.

Grass is a soil-protector, a soil-renewer, and a soil-builder. Covering the land with grass is nature's way of restoring fertility to old, worn-out soil. True grasses do not add nitrogen to the soil as do clover and alfalfa, yet they are nitrogen-gatherers. They collect the nitrogen of the soil and store it up in their roots, and by the decay of these roots, humus is formed. Thus grasses prevent the waste of nitrogen and other plant-food elements, protect the soil, and maintain its fertility and tilth. By their extensive and penetrating root systems many grasses tend to break up and to deepen the soil, thus improving its texture and increasing its moisture-holding capacity. The roots gather the mineral plant-food in the deeper subsoil and store it, in part, in the great fibrous root-growth nearer the surface. This causes an increase in the supply of available plant-food in the soil for the use of more shallow-rooting crops.

When the prairie is first broken, the soil is mellow, moist, and rich, producing abundant crops. After a few years of continuous cultivation, the physical condition of the soil changes; the soil becomes finer grained, more compact, and heavier to handle. It dries out more quickly than sod that is newly broken, and often turns over in hard clods when plowed. This is due to the decay of the grass roots, and to the exhaustion of the soil humus. The grass roots, which separated the soil particles and yet held them together, have decayed, and as a result, the soil tends to run together and become very sticky when wet. When such soil dries, the adhesive character disappears almost entirely, and when loosened by the plow or harrow, it easily drifts or blows away.

The perfect tilth and freedom from clods so characteristic of virgin soils is more or les completely restored whenever land has been sown to grass for a sufficient length of time. After the ground is covered with sod, washing and puddling of the soil by rain are prevented. As the roots grow, the soil particles are wedged apart and rearranged, and thus the mellow, open character of virgin soil is restored. At the same time, through the great growth of the roots, which form humus and accumulate mineral plant-food, the soil is made more fertile for succeeding crops. The leguminous crops, such as clover and alfalfa, are not equal to grasses as soil protectors, but are superior to grasses as soil fertilizers, since they increase the total available supply of nitrogen in the soil. This is due to the action of bacteria which are found on the roots of leguminous plants, and which take free nitrogen from the air in the soil and make it available for the use of plants. Moreover, perennial legumes, such as clover and alfalfa, are very deep feeders, and take a part of the mineral elements of their food from the soil below the depth of the feeding ground of ordinary crops. Because of their large root-growth in the surface soil, they accumulate a supply of mineral elements of plant-food, which gradually becomes available, as the roots decay, for crops which follow the leguminous crops.—Kansas State Experiment Station.

FEEDING FLOORS

The department of agriculture says to excavate to a depth of 12 inches for the drainage foundation and around the outside edges of the entire floor dig a trench 12 inches wide and 18 inches deep. The trench filled with concrete, prevents hog wallowing from undermining the floor and keps rats from nesting under it. Fill all of this space, except the trench, to the natural ground level with well-tamped, coarse gravel, crushed rock, tile culls or brickbats. This fill forms the drainage foundation as for sidewalks.

The floor must be graded or sloped so that water will not collect on it in the winter and so that the manure washings may be caught by the gutters and run to the watertight concrete manure pit. To shape the gutter, make a mold or templet by rounding the corners on the flat side of a six-foot length of 4x6 inch timber, a gentle slope, toward the low corner of ⅛ to ¼ of an inch for each foot of length or width is sufficient. This is secured by the use of a heavy grade stake at each corner of the floor, a straight edge or a grade line and a spirit level.

It is an advantage to have a feeding floor of full thickness above ground. Make light floors four inches and floors subject to heavy loads six inches thick. For the forms use two-inch lumber of a width equal to the floor thickness. Begin on a low side of floor. Mark the grade height of each corner stage and set the forms to a grade cord stretched from stake to stake.

Use only good materials and mix the concrete one part Portland cement to 2½ parts sand to five parts screened gravel or crushed rock, or one part Portland cement to five parts bank run gravel. Measure the materials exactly, count one sack of cement equal to one cubic foot.

Always begin by placing the concrete on the low side of the floor, so that the rain from sudden showers will not run from the hard onto the newly placed concrete. Fill the trench and the slab section of grade by drawing over it a straight edge with its ends on the opposite forms, or with one end on the form and the other on the finished concrete.

Four inches in from the edge, on each of the low sides, temporarily imbed the rounded 4x6 inch gutter mold and tamp it down until its square top is even with the surface of the slab section of the floor. Remove the mold and finish the surface with a wooden float. The day after the concrete in each section is placed carefully throw on a covering of hay or straw and keep it thoroughly wet for a week.

Connect the gutters with the manure pit by means of a trough, another gutter or by a large drain tile laid underground. If concrete feeding troughs and racks are to be built at some future time, make the necessary mortises by temporarily imbedding beveled blocks or wooden frames in the soft concrete.

Below is given an itemized bill of materials necessary for a six-inch floor 24x36 feet, amply large to accommodate 50 hogs. Materials required:

Crushed rock or screened gravel, 20 cubic yards, at $1.10	$ 22.00
Sand, 10 cubic yards, at $1	10.00
Portland cement, 28 barrels, at $2.50	70.00
Total	$102.00

Mixing the concrete by hand, five men can usually finish this floor in two days. Prices of materials vary greatly in different localities. The figures given above are safe, but before deciding as to what your own floor will cost you consult local dealers. Depending upon price of labor and materials and the thickness of the concrete, the floor will cost six to twelve cents per each square foot of surface.

DEPTH OF PLOWING

There is a great deal being said about how deep ground should be plowed. Some farmers believe that the ground should be plowed to a depth of eight inches, while others are just as sure that it should be plowed four or five inches. The depth of plowing depends entirely on the amount of organic matter the soil contains. If there is a thin layer of black soil over a clay subsoil the plowing should be no deeper than the layer of black soil. Too much clay turned up to the surface at one time makes the proportion of mineral matter in the soil too great for the amount of organic matter. Better results are obtained by turning up a small amount of the clay at a time and mixing this thoroughly with the surface layer before turning up another layer of the clay. It is a good practice to make a liberal application of manure each time a slight layer of the clay is turned to the surface. Where the layer of soil containing organic matter is deep the soil can easily be plowed eight or ten inches in depth—in fact it should be plowed to that depth at least, to insure ample room for the roots to make proper growth.

IMPORTANCE OF SILAGE

For the past few winters leading experiment stations of the middle western corn states have all devoted considerable time and attention to feeding tests to determine the value of corn silage for fattening steers as compared with other forms of roughage that have long been considered standard feeds for winter feed production. The results of these experiments prove both efficiency and the economy of corn silage as a steer fattening food.

In all trials in which a full feed of corn silage has been given to steers, the steers made excellent gains at a reduced cost finished to a ripe market condition in good form and sold to advantage at the stock yards. The steers also shipped well, shrinking little more than the dry fed steers.

Hogs that followed the silage fed steers made gains almost as large as those which followed steers that were heavily corn fed and that received no silage.

Contrary, too, to the popular belief that silage fed steers would require better winter shelter than dry fed steers, the silage fed steers required no better shelter than the latter, and in one trial in which steers receiving silage were in open sheds and also in a closed basement barn, the former made better gains than the latter.

From all these favorable results it is evident that the silo is slated to become a most important factor in beef production in the future. With all the experimental work that has been done in recent years and also that which was done several years earlier, no unfavorable reports have yet been voiced.

All are agreed that corn silage is a great feed for the beef producer. This year only recently, the Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and Pennsylvania stations each completed corn silage feeding tests with beef steers and each has reported very favorably for silage.

While experiment stations are making these tests with fattening steers, practical beef producers are also reporting favorably on corn silage as the main feed for wintering stockers and feeders.

They report that the steers make a cheap gain and retain, in fact gain, a condition of thrift that enables them to do their very best on pastures the next spring and summer. Not much but some hay, preferably clover, is required with corn silage for carrying over stockers and feeders.

Twenty pounds of corn silage and four or five pounds of clover hay will carry a 1,000 pound steer over the winter in fairly thrifty condition and with 30 pounds of silage and five pounds of good clover hay a 1,000 pound steer will come through with fair gain and good thrift.

Corn silage is no less valuable for carrying the breeding beef stock over the winter feeding period than for carrying over stockers and feeders and fattening the ripening beeves. No better feed than corn silage can be fed to the pregnant and the nursing beef dams. It keeps their systems toned and places them in a condition of the best thrift.

A daily feed of 18 to 20 pounds of corn silage and six to eight pounds of good clover hay will carry a pregnant beef cow through the winter in excellent shape, and 25 pounds of corn silage, 12 pounds of clover hay and four or five pounds of bran will serve to keep a nursing beef cow in good condition and supplying her calf with a good flow of milk.—H. B. Speck, Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean.

RAISING HOGS

The Nebraska station has completed an interesting experiment to determine how to grow hogs at lowest possible cost. It gives a summary of the cost of growing young pigs to the weight of 50 pounds. The items of cost taken into consideration include the cost of keeping the sow for an entire year, charging for the pasture and the grain eaten, both by the sow and by the litter, up to the time the litter reaches an average weight of 50 pounds.

On this basis the cost is about $18 to $20 for keeping old sows and $20 to $22 for gilts, or sows farrowing their first litter. This cost is partly repaid by the increase in weight of yearling and 2-year-old sows. After deducting the value of the growth of the sows the net cost to be charged against the pigs is from $9 to $12 per litter when they reach the 50-pound average weight.

The average number of pigs farrowed in these experiments was 9.8 pigs for old sows and 8 pigs for young sows. The average number per litter at the close of the experiment was 6.5 pigs for old sows and 6 pigs for young sows. In the test 44 old sows and 50 young sows were used.

The cost of feed charged up against each pig at 50 pounds weight was $2.13 as the average of all sows for two years. This makes the cost of producing pigs up to 50 pounds $4.26 per hundred, which is somewhat higher than the cost of gains after that weight, provided the pigs are economically fed and sold when they reach about 225 pound weight.

To reduce the cost to the figures given the yearling and older sows were kept upon pasture alone during the pasture season after weaning their litters and upon rations of about one-half alfalfa hay and one-half grain during the winter season. In winter for each 100 pounds weight of the mature sows one and one-half pounds of grain were fed daily; that is, if ten sows weigh 3,000 pounds they would require 45 pounds of grain daily, with an equal amount of alfalfa hay fed either in racks or cut and mixed with the grain. Upon these rations the sows gained 12 pounds each during the winter season up to farrowing time.

The gilts required liberal feeding during the summer on pasture and during the winter following. From 2.5 to 3 pounds of grain, generally corn, was fed for each 100 pounds live weight of the pigs while they were on pasture; that is, 10 pigs weighing 1,000 pounds received from 25 to 30 pounds of grain daily. Ten pigs weighing 1,500 pounds received from 38 to 45 pounds daily.

After these gilts were placed in winter quarters they were given the run of field of rye and were fed a ration of one-quarter grain consisting of barley and corn, ground and mixed with the alfalfa. Of this ration they were fed three pounds daily for each 100 pounds live weight, which ration had to be decreased in some cases because the pigs were becoming too fat. Upon this ration they gained during the winter season, November 1 to March 1, about 150 pounds each, weighing over 300 pounds at farrowing time and about 260 pounds when their litters were weaned.

The experiment also deals with the cost of growing pigs from weaning time, or about 50 pounds weight, to the time they are taken from alfalfa pastures and put into the feed lot. Seven hundred and ninety-two pigs were included in these tests, which covered several years' work.

In general, these pigs were fed less than a full grain ration, most of them receiving two pounds to to 2.5 pounds of grain daily for each 100 pounds live weight. The average cost of the grain and pasture in growing these pigs was $3.30 per pound. It will be seen that this cost is lower than the cost of producing the 50-pound pig, and it is also lower than the cost of finishing the pig for market after he is placed in winter quarters. The cost of feeds per 100 pounds of gain with pigs in dry lots is $3.57 per hundred.

PARASITES IN POULTRY

Unfortunately for the fowls, it is impossible to describe the "hen lice," for there are so many of them. Unless special care is taken, little chicks when they are first hatched, are sadly afflicted. Not only common fowls but all other domestic birds, including the delicate pets, such as the canary and other wild birds from the largest to the smallest, are infested by parasites, as animals and plants that live upon other animals and plants are called. Vermin is the pest of poultry, and when chicken houses get thoroughly infested it is not an easy matter to cleanse them. If the house is washed with hot lime and the roosts are rubbed with a mixture of kerosene oil and lard and if this treatment is repeated a few times the house and also the fowls will be quite free from vermin. If the house is, as all poultry houses should be, detached from barns and other buildings, it may be fumigated. Shut it up tight and close every opening. Then place a pan of live coals on the ground or floor. Throw on a handful of lumps of sulphur and get out quickly, closing the door tightly. If the work has been done thoroughly, no lice can be found at the end of a few hours. Whitewashing, etc., may then be done.

SHEEP DIPS

Speaking of sheep dips the Kentucky station offers these suggestions: Dipping in a reliable dip is the proper treatment for sheep afflicted with sheep scab. Use a dip made of lime and sulphur, tobacco and sulphur, or one of the coal dips. Purchase no proprietary dips except those having the approval of the department of agriculture at Washington, D. C. Use all proprietary dips according to directions. Remove all sediment from the lime and sulphur dip, as it injures the wool. Tobacco dips should never be boiled. For a general dip a tobacco or coal tar preparation is to be preferred to lime and sulphur, as a lime and sulphur dip has little effect in destroying the sheep tick or louse. A fresh solution should be used for the second dipping. This is absolutely essertial if the lime and sulphur or the tobacco and sulphur are to be used. Mix the dip well in the vat.

A WORM REMEDY

One of the most effectual means of keeping a herd free from worms is to keep the surrounding conditions sanitary. It is in filth in the barnyard or pasture that these parasites breed and their eggs develop. If things are kept clean and dry, and if the pastures are frequently changed, there will be less likelihood of the pigs being seriously affected. I have also found that nothing is better to free them from worms than copperas in their slop for several days in succession. Lye is being extensively advertised as a remedy for worms in pigs and hogs, and if fed in moderation I have found it cleans out the worms and also acts as a tonic for the pigs, as well as hogs of all ages. Of course, it is very concentrated and should be fed sparingly. I have never fed more than a heaping tablespoonful in a barrel of swill or slop to pigs or hogs. If soft coal or charcoal, salt, copperas, lime and ashes are kept the year round in the dry where the pigs and hogs of all ages can have constant access to them, they are not so likely to be bothered with worms.—J. H. Dunlap, Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean.

FILTHY HEN HOUSES

It should be remembered that filthy houses, especially if they are damp and so closely enclosed that sunlight is not admitted, are the ideal breeding place for many kinds of insect and parasitic pests. Impure water and damp quarters are responsible for a great deal of the bowel troubles which affect the nearly grown birds. Rheumatism and many of the muscular weaknesses are traceable to dampness. Lung troubles and the afflictions of the throat and head are usually the result of improperly ventilated roosting places. To prevent all of these troubles, cleanliness, proper ventilation and the admission of sunlight are necessary. Keeping the quarters dry and clean and giving the bird plenty of pure air, pure food and pure drink are the essentials upon which success with poultry is built.

TO MAKE A MILK COOLER

Make a small water tight box of two inch material and of sufficient size to hold all the cream cans necessary in handling the cream. The best place for this tank is in the milkhouse. It may be placed between the well pump and the stock watering tank, and in that case another box or small house should be built over it for protection. All the water pumped for the stock should flow through this tank, the inlet discharging near the bottom, which will force all the warm water out first. The overflow pipe should have one-half inch larger diameter than the inlet in order that the water in the tank should be of sufficient depth to immerse the cans within two inches of the top. Another place that would be suitable for holding cream should be built inside the watering tank. An ordinary empty barrel may answer the purpose. Burn out the oil and bore for the water inlet and outlet between the second and third hoops from the top. Make connections the same as for the box, but be sure the inlet water pipe is extended nearly to the bottom. It is a good plan to bore one inch holes between the first and second hoops from the top and place rods through them, so that the cans will not float when partly filled. Shelter this barrel the same as you would the box, remembering to change the water in the box or barrel often enough to have it reasonably cold, so that the cream may be kept at nearly the same temperature as the water from the well.

MAPLEINE FLAVORING Use it like lemon and vanilla. A delicious syrup is made by dissolving white sugar in water and adding Mapleine. Grocers sell Mapleine; if not, send 35c for 2oz. bottle and recipe book. Write to Dept. S CRESCENT MFG. CO., Seattle, Wash.

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Walked Home.

Cincinnati Times-Star.

Any pigeon fancier who wants to enter a bird in a slow race need but communicate with Charley Otto. He has one he thinks is positively the slowest feathered biped in the world. Otto has been a pigeonist for a good many years, and during the St. Louis Exposition of 1905 he took part in the pigeon fly. His birds were all marked in the usual identification bands on their legs, of course. All got in but one, and in the five years that have passed Mr. Otto had completely forgotten about that bird.

"But the other day when I went into the cote," says Otto, "I saw an old pigeon there that looked familiar. He seemed to be perfectly at home, so by and by I picked him up. Sure enough, it was Thunderbolt II., the pigeon that didn't report after the St. Louis race." "And was he in good health?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Otto. "Perfectly good health. A little thin, perhaps—settled down pretty fine by the exercise of the race, but otherwise all right. Only his toenails were worked down to the quick by the long walk."

Spanish 5 and 10 Cent Stores.

Spanish newspapers are commenting on the new system of merchandising just introduced into Spain with the opening in Madrid of bazaars along lines corresponding to the American five and ten-cent stores. The Madrid bazaars have started with a stock of toys, cheap jewelry, notions, perfumery, underwear, collars and cuffs, neckties, caps, chinaware, fans, handkerchiefs, belts, brushes, purses, small hardware and other articles priced to sell at 65 centimos, an equivalent of about 12 cents American money.

The American five and ten-cent store idea has not been developed in Spain to any extent, although the new bazaars recently established approach the system, at least in the prices of articles carried, more closely than anything heretofore attempted.

The bazaars carrying articles offered within a certain price range have been operated in the larger Spanish cities for some time—Malaga has had such a store for over twenty years, prices varying from two to nine cents—but the limited variety of goods carried and sold at these prices did not strongly attract the public.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECY.

I wish you would print Mother Shipton's prophecy in the Question Bureau.—C. A. M., Iowa Falls, Ia.

Mother Shipton was an English prophetess about whose existence there seems to be no certainty, while there is no doubt that many of the sayings attributed to her were fabricated by others. According to S. Baker, who published Mother Shipton's prophecies in 1797, she was born in 1488, and died at over 70 years of age. It was not until 1641 that a pamphlet appeared containing some of her alleged predictions. In 1862 a predicton was made with Mother Shipton's name appended to it, that the world would come to an end in 1881. The following is what is generally known as Mother Shipton's prophecy:

Carriage without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
Waters shall yet more wonders do,
Now strange, yet shall be true.
The world upside down shall be,
And gold found at roor of tree.
Through hills man shall ride,
And no horse or ass be at his side.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green.
Iron on the water shall float,
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found, and found
In a land that's not now known.
Fire and water shall wonders do,
England shall at last admit a Jew.
The world at an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

PRISONER OF HAM.

Will you please tell why Napoleon III. was called the prisoner of Ham? —W. E. W., Sullivan, O.

Before Napoleon III. had become the ruler of France he was engaged in stirring up several revolutions. He attempted to bring about a revolution among the French soldiers at Strasburg in 1836. He was unsuccessful in his efforts. In 1840 he made a descent on France near Boulogne, but was captured and imprisoned in the fortress of Ham until 1846, when he escaped. This is the reason for calling him the prisoner of Ham.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

Will you please give a sketch of the life of Adelaide Anne Procter?—R. C. P., Sabina, O.

Adelaide Anne Procter, the English poet, was born October 30, 1825, and died February 3, 1864. Her first verses were published in Household Words in 1853 under the pseudonym "Mary Berwick." They attracted much attention, gaining the favorable notice of Dickens, who did much to aid the young poetess. Though her work is not great it is marked by deep feeling and tenderness. In 1851 she became a Roman Catholic. In 1858 her poems were gathered together and published under the title of "Legends and Lyrics." A subsequent edition, issued in 1866, contains a biographical sketch of the author by Charles Dickens. Many of her poems have received a musical setting, the most famous being "The Lost Chord." which was set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

JULIA WARD HOWE

Will you please give a biographical sketch of Julia Ward Howe?—S. J. H., Leslie, Mont.

Julia Ward Howe, the American author and philanthropist, was born May 27, 1819. After her marriage with S. G. Howe, of Boston, in 1843, she became engaged in philanthropical work. She assisted her husband in editing the Boston Commonwealth, one of the ablest anti-slavery papers. She contributed the leading articles and some essays, poems, letters and witty comments. Mrs. Howe wrote for the New York Tribune at the same time. After the civil war she became active as a writer and speaker in social and philanthropic work, particularly in the agitation for woman's suffrage and for prison reform. She was one of the founders of the New England's Women's club, the first organization of its kind in this country. In 1872 she was sent as a delegate to the World's Prison Reform Congress in London and was president of the women's branch of the New Orleans exposition in 1884. She has also preached occasionally in Unitarian pulpits. She died October 17, 1910. The cause of her death was old age, being 81 years old.

GAME LAWS OF OKLAHOMA

Please give the open seasons for game in the state of Oklahoma.—R. L., Duncan, Okla.

The following are the open seasons for the hunting of game in Oklahoma: Deer (male only—no open season for does), November 1 to December 1; antelope, to November 1, 1914; quail, Mexican (blue) quail, November 15 to February 1; grouse and wild pigeon, no open season; prairie chicken, September 1 to November 1; Mongolian, Chinese, English, ringneck or other pheasant, to November 1, 1914; wild turkey, November 15 to January 1; wild turkey (gobblers only), March 15 to April 15; dove, August 1 to January 1; plover, curlew, snipe, or other shore bird, crane, duck, goose, brant and swan, August 15 to May 1.

OHIO CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

How many members will there be in the next constitutional convention of Ohio? How often are they elected?—G. B., Glenmont, O.

There will be a total of 119 delegates in the next constitutional convention of the state of Ohio. Each county has as many delegates in this convention as it has representatives in the lower house of the legislature. At the last state election the majority of voters decided that we should have this convention for changing the constitution.

BENJAMIN F. JACOBS

I would like to have you give an account of the life of Benjamin Franklin Jacobs.—C. D. W., Weaverville, N. C.

Benjamin Franklin Jacobs, the Sunday school teacher, was born in Paterson, New Jersey, September 18, 1834. He died in 1902. His parents gave him a liberal education. In 1854 he moved to Chicago where he entered a produce commission business until it burned out in the big fire of 1871. Jacobs then took up real estate, in which occupation he was engaged until his death. He was superintendent of the First Baptist Mission Sunday school in 1856 and the First Baptist Sunday school in 1864. During the civil war he was secretary of the Northwestern branch U. S. Christian Commission and was also the founder of the Waifs' Mission in Chicago. He organized, with the help of others, the Immanuel Baptist church of Chicago in 1881. He then became superintendent of its Sunday school. Jacobs was president of the World's Sunday school convention. He originated and suggested the international Sunday school lessons, now used by all evangelical denominations.

WHALES.

Please give a description of whales in the columns of the Question Bureau.—C. I. R., Council, Idaho.

Whales are mammals and occur mostly in shoals in the Arctic and Antarctic seas. They can be seen sporting on the surface of the water. One kind of whales have no teeth, the upper jaw being provided with cross plates of the horny substance known as whale bone or baleen, with fringes on the inner edge acting as a strainer for the food which consists chiefly of the swimming mollusks or jelly fishes. The right or Greenland whale attains a length of 60 to 70 feet, the tail being 5 or 6 feet long and 20 to 25 feet wide. The general color is blackish above and grayish white below. The mouth is 15 or 16 feet long, 6 to 8 feet wide, and 10 to 12 feet high inside. The eyes are not larger than those of an ox, and the tongue is soft, thick, fatty and very slightly movable. The tail is of immense power. These whales travel ordinarily at the rate of 4 or 5 miles an hour. They do not swim very far beneath the surface, and throw themselves in sport entirely out of water. They are fond of immersing the body perpendicularly and flapping the tail on the surface, making a sound heard for two or three miles; they usually come up every 8 or 10 minutes, but can remain down a half an hour or more. Their general custom is to keep on the surface about two minutes, during which they blow eight or nine times, and then descend. They feed just below the surface with the mouth wide open.

The sperm whales have no baleen plates, but forty or fifty conical teeth in the lower jaw with internal cavities. This jaw is shorter and narrower than the upper, and completely inclosed by it when the mouth is shut, the teeth fitting into cavities in the upper jaw. One-third the length of the whole body is taken up by the head, most of its bulk consisting of a gristly envelope or "case,' which contains an oily fluid hardening on exposure to the air, and known as spermaceti. The males attain 60 to 75 feet in length, and the females are half as long. The color is blackish and greenish gray above, whitish beneath and about the eyes. They are in all the seas, but especially in the southern hemisphere, living in deep water and rarely approaching land. They swim about in companies of twenty to fifty females and young, with one or two old males or bulls. They feed on cuttlefishes and other mollusks, the male's fighting savagely. Sperm whales make fifty to seventy respirations while remaining about ten minutes at the surface. When the spoutings are over they descend, remaining down from a half an hour to an hour. Their oil is the finest for burning, and the spermaceti is valuable for candles and medical purposes. Ambergris, used in the making of perfumes, is a product of the intestines of the sperm whale. The blanket or blubber of a single whale will yield 80 or more barrels of oil.

SIAMESE TWINS

Will you please give a history of the life of the Siamese twins?—W. R. R., Fortville, Ind.

The Siamese twins were born April 15, 1811, and died January 17, 1874. Their birthplace was in Siam, but they died in North Carolina. The name was given to two individuals of Chinese extraction, named Chang and Eng. In 1829 they were brought to the United States and were used for exhibition purposes, after which they settled down near Mt. Airy, in North Carolina, and took up the occupation of farmers. They differed widely in appearance, character and strength, performed their physical functions separately and were addicted to different habits, Chang, being intemperate and irritable, Eng sober and patient. Both were married and had large families of children, a number of whom died young, but showed no malformations at all.

DANIEL WEBSTER

Please give a short biography of Daniel Webster in the columns of the Question Bureau.—W. S., Priestley, W. Va.

Daniel Webster, the American orator and statesman, was born at Salisbury, N. H., January 18, 1782. He graduated from Dartmouth college in 1801. He studied law while teaching school at Fryeburg, Me., and was admitted to the bar in 1805, beginning the practice of law in Boscawen, N. H. He removed to Portsmouth two years later. Webster soon became a leader of the bar and was elected to congress in 1813, serving until 1817. At that time he was a moderate Federalist in views. He now settled in Boston and in 1818 rose to the front rank of lawyers by his plea before the United States supreme court in the famous "Dartmouth college case," which involved the obligation of contracts and the powers of government. From 1823 to 1827 he was congressman from Massachusetts, was chairman of the judiciary committee, and had attracted attention by his speeches on Greece and on free trade. He had become widely known as an orator. In 1827 Webster entered the senate and ranked chief among its orators. Clay, Calhoun and Benton were some of his contemporaries. Webster favored a protective tariff in 1828. Two years later he reached his highest point in the debate on the "Foote resolution," where his reply to Hayne won for him the title of "Expounder of the Constitution." Webster was often pitted against Calhoun in debates and was, with Clay, highest in the Whig party. He came within reach of the nomination for President. In 1836 he received the electoral vote of Massachusetts. President Harrison chose him for secretary of state in 1841, and he—alone of the members of Tyler's cabinet—refused to resign in September, 1841. In 1842 he negotiated the Ashburton treaty with Great Britain and resigned the following year. In 1845 he again entered the senate. He spoke on several important questions during his term. In 1850 he was again made secretary of state, which position he held for two years. He received a few votes in the convention of 1852, refused to support Scott, and died soon after in his home at Marshfield, Mass.

FREEMASONRY

Will you please tell me something of the history of Freemasonry?—O. A., Macon, Ga.

The first grand lodge of Freemasons was founded at York, England, 926. The society is founded on and professes the practice of social and moral virtue; truth, charity in its most extended sense, brotherly love and mutual assistance being inculcated in it. It possesses an elaborate ritual, numerous grades of officers, and many secret signs and passwords, by which members may make themselves known to other members of the craft in any part of the world. Secret organizations of free or enfranchised operative Masons, with similar rituals, were formed in the middle ages, when skilled workmen moved from place to place to assist in building cathedrals, abbeys, etc. It was essential for the masons to have some signs by which, on coming to a strange place, they could be recognized as real craftsmen and not imposters. There was such a society of actual builders and masons in England in the seventeenth century, and some persons not belonging to the craft had been accepted as members of it; hence the full name of the present fraternity, "Free and Accepted Masons." Modern Freemasonry dates from the organization in 1717 of the four lodges then existing in London, on a new basis, into a grand lodge, by which other grand lodges were chartered. To mark its departure from the limited scope of the original society, the principles and methods of the order are called speculative masonry, the terms and insignia of the operative masonry being retained. Fable, though absolutely without any historical basis, takes the history of the order back to the Roman empire, to the Pharoahs, to the building of the tower of Babel, or even to the building of Noah's ark.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

I would like to have you give a description of the life of Napoleon Bonaparte in the columns of your paper.—C. W., Roanoke, Va.

Napoleon I. was born in Corsica, August 15, 1769, and died in St. Helena, May 5, 1821. At the age of 10 he attended a military school at Brienne, entering the French army as lieutenant in 1785. After several years of active service he married Josephine de Beauharnais in 1796. Being placed at the head of an army he fought many battles with the enemies of the French. He conquered Italy and for a time was master of Egypt, but in the latter place his army was cut off from France by Nelson. Napoleon then undertook to subjugate Syria, but was compelled to retreat to Egypt. During his absence a new coalition had been formed against France and the Directory saw its armies defeated on the Rhine and in Italy. With the assistance of several men he abolished the Directory, virtually making himself monarch under the title of first consul, holding office for a term of ten years. He began a legislative reconstruction of France. In 1802 he was made consul for life, and two years later was proclaimed hereditary emperor of the French. England declared war against France in the meantime. Napoleon soon saw himself opposed by a coalition consisting of Russia, Prussia and England as its principal members. He crushed the first two countries, compelling them to conclude peace in 1807. Russia then allied herself to France, and Prussia lost half of her territory. Napoleon had now reached the height of his power as he was the head of a great confederacy of states. He surrounded his throne with subordinate thrones occupied by members of his family, England alone standing between him and universal dominion. England was safe from invasion, but was vulnerable through her commerce. Napoleon undertook to starve her by closing the ports of Europe against her ships. To do this he seized Spain and Portugal, putting his brother on the Spanish throne. This seizure proved a fatal error, for his resources were drained and an enemy was placed in his rear in 1813. In 1809 he divorced Josephine, marrying Maria Louisa of Austria, in 1810. A war broke out with Russia. He invaded that country, entered Moscow and wanted truce, which was refused. Being compelled to winter there his army dwindled before the cold, hunger and the enemy. Prussia and Austria soon declared war and Napoleon found himself again opposed by a coalition of Russia, England, Prussia, Austria and Sweden. He won his last victory at Dresden in 1813. Napoleon was compelled to abdicate, but was allowed to retain the title of emperor, and received the island of Elba, as a sovereign principality. The congress of Vienna convened in 1814 for the purpose of restoring and regulating the relations between the powers disturbed by Napoleon. Quarrels in the congress encouraged Napoleon to leave Elba in 1815. He entered Paris, formed an army and was defeated by the allies at Waterloo, June 18, 1815. After futile attempts to escape to America he surrendered to the British Admiral Hotham at Rochefort. He was sent to St. Helena as a prisoner of the allies for the remainder of his life.

U. S. GOLD PIECES

Please tell what gold coins have been issued by the United States mint at any time.—T. C., Hanover, Ill.

During the history of the United States our government has caused different values of gold coins to be issued by the mints. At various times the following pieces have been coined: The double eagle or twenty dollars, the eagle or ten dollars, the half eagle or five dollars, the quarter eagle, or two dollars and one-half, the one dollar piece, and the three dollar piece.

MISCELLANEOUS

T. W. I., Charlotte, N. C.—The petrification of wood is its conversion into stone by chemical changes. Many years pass before complete petrification.

G. H. W., Juneau, Wis.—There is no such reptile as the hoop snake.

E. C., Hacker Valley, W. Va.—From statistics made in 1903 there are 328 hospitals for the insane in the United States of which 102 are private.

C. W. B., Petrolia, Pa.—We have no copy of Edward Everett Hale's speech which he made at Gettysburg upon the dedication of the national cemetery there.

C. A., Kibbe, Mich.—President Taft receives $75,000 salary a year in addition to the extra expenses for which $25,000 was appropriated by congress.

Brief Stories of Mythology.

Venus and Adonis—II.

"Beds of hyacinths and roses
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen."

Not only do mortals have their love affairs, but the gods and goddesses are sometimes afflicted. While playing with her son Cupid, the goddess of beauty and love, commonly known as Venus, was wounded by one of his arrows. The wound was deeper than she thought, and before it healed she met the youth Adonis and was captivated with him. All interest in her accustomed pleasures was lost. Venus even absented herself from the home of the gods for long periods, finding greater enjoyment on earth in the company of her beloved Adonis. During her sojourn on this planet she constantly roamed the forests and wandered through the vales with her dogs, chasing the hares, stags and other game that it was safe to hunt. She avoided the wolves and bears, reeking with the slaughter of the herd, and charged Adonis to beware of these animals, for she feared having him exposed to danger.

Adonis did not heed her counsels. One day his dogs roused a wild boar from its lair and the youth, seeking to slay the animal, only wounded it with a sidelong stroke of the spear. The beast drew out the weapon with its jaws and rushed upon Adonis. He fled, but the boar overtook him, and burying his tusks in the young man's side, stretched him dying on the plain.

It was only a short time before this tragedy that Venus had departed from the earth after one of her visits to Adonis. She had not yet reached her home on Cyprus when the sound of groans came up to her through the air. Turning the swan coursers that drew her chariot she descended to earth. As she drew near, and saw from on high the lifeless body bathed in blood, she alighted, and bending over it, beat her breast and tore her hair. She reproached the Fates, and said: "Yet theirs shall be but a partial triumph; memorials of my grief shall endure and the spectacle of your death, my Adonis, and my lamentations shall be annually renewed. Your blood shall be changed into a flower; that consolation none can envy me." She sprinkled nectar on the blood, and as they mingled blood rose as in a pool on which raindrops fall, and in an hour there sprang up a flower of a bloody hue like the pomegranate. Yet, it is short-lived. It is said that wind blows the blossoms open and afterwards blows the petals away. It is called anemone, or wind flower.

Peacocks Getting Scarce.

Greensbury Cor. Indianapolis News.

The fad of the eastern rich of having peacocks to enhance the beauty of their parks has just brought people in this country to realize how scarce these birds are. Ol Hunter, a local horse buyer, recently promised a friend in Pennsylvania that he would send him a peacock. When he gave the promise Mr. Hunter thought it would be no trouble to obtain one, as a few years ago they were plentiful in Decatur county.

He started out the other day to buy the fowl, but before he succeeded in finding one he drove more than 100 miles. Inquiry developed the fact that peafowls are bought up as rapidly as possible by the easterners at fancy prices. Mr. Hunter's specimen attracted as much attention here in this city as some rare bird from a foreign country, as it was the first seen here for years.

Heroism.

Buffalo Express.

"On what does that Canadian base his claim to be a hero? Was he in the Boer war?"

"No; he stayed at home then."

"He was with Kitchener in the Sudan, perhaps?"

"Not at all; he was busy hoeing potatoes at that time."

"Then he must have helped to put down the Riel rebellion."

"Not even that."

"Well, what on earth did he do to get the reputation of being such a terror?"

"Oh, he burned an American flag once during the reciprocity campaign."

Islands Play Great Pars

TAKE the map of the United States and the first impression is that islands are neither numerous nor of much importance. This is a country of comparatively solid coast lines. It is a great continental mass, with little fringe work on its edges.

But it happens, nevertheless, that islands play a great part in the life of the American republic. They are astonishingly conspicuous in many ways.

The greatest center of population, wealth, trade and productive industry in the country or in the New World is an island city. The most luxurious and magnificent summer resort in the hemisphere—Newport—is on an island. The southernmost point of the country, not counting outlying possessions, is an island—Key West. The tallest building in America, or in the world, if the open framework of the Eiffel tower is excluded, is on an island. On that island are the busiest tunnels in the country, the greatest mercantile buildings, the most costly hotels, the most powerful banks.

The greatest cotton exporting port—Galveston—stands on an island. One of the greatest gold mines in the world is on an island in Alaska. The seal "rookeries" on other Alaskan islands—a little group far to the northwest—are richer than a gold mine and will outlast any mine, if decently cared for.

It is not surprising that two of the most noted summer resorts on the great lakes—Mackinac and Put-in Bay—are on islands, but it is a fact worthy of notice that islands carry a large part of the fortifications of Boston and New York, and even Philadelphia.

Bringing Canada under consideration adds greatly to the importance of islands in the life of America. The Dominion has more water in proportion to its land surface than this country and its coast line is more broken.

The largest city in Canada is situated on an island—Montreal. The principal naval depot of the Pacific coast of British America is on the Island of Vancouver. The same island has the capital city of British Columbia, the province which monopolizes the western coast of the Dominion.

The great cod fisheries of the Atlantic coast of British America are mainly insular, belonging to Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton and to Newfoundland, the latter colony being legally independent of Canada, but practically like a part of that great division of the British empire.

But this prominence of islands is not peculiar to the New World or to North America. It is nearly world wide. Consider the conditions in Europe.

Its greatest city is on an island. So is the oldest—Cadiz. The loftiest volcano—Etna—is on the shore of an island, and the most noted cathedral in France—Notre Dame—stands on a little isle in the Seine. Venice, an island city, is no more famous for its beauty and charm than Amsterdam, built largely on islands, is noted for its commerce and wealth.

The capital of Denmark is an island city. So is Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, in large degree. The great Russian naval station and fortress of Cronstadt is wholly insular.

The conditions are much the same in Asia, except that the sea trade of that continent is relatively less than that of Europe or North America. The largest city of all Asian countries is Tokio, on the biggest of the Japanese islands. The busiest Asiatic port—Hong Kong—is on an island. Bombay, on another, is the second city of India and industrially the first. Singapore, another of the great ports of Asia, stands on an island, and Osaka, an island city, is second in size to Tokio alone.

It will be seen that the tendency to use islands for the activities of human life is extremely strong and that it has left its mark upon many lands. In proportion to their share of the land surface of the earth the islands can claim a wonderfully large part of the natural beauty, commercial importance, civic development and noteworthy human monuments of the world.

A Morning Smile.

Boston Transcript.

When President Eliot, of Harvard, was in active service as head of the university he was noted among the students for his abrupt and brusque manner. Reports had come to him that one of his young charges was in the habit of absorbing more liquor than was good for him, and President Eliot determined to do his duty and look into the matter.

Meeting the young man under suspicion in the yard shortly after breakfast one day, the president marched up to him and demanded, "young man, do you drink?"

"Why—why—why," stammered the young man, "why, President Eliot, not so early in the morning, thank you."

A Standard of Colors.

Youth's Companion.

The call for international standards of all kinds is becoming every day more insistent with the progressive unification of the industries of the world. The latest demand of this kind is for an international standard of colors.

Chemists, manufacturers of dyestuffs and pigments and many others would benefit by such a standard. It is suggested that when once the desired color scheme has been decided upon, the best method of perpetuating the standards and rendering them available for comparison everywhere, would be by means of colored glasses with which a tintometer could be constructed. A tentative instrument of this kind, based on an arbitrary color scheme, has been made.

When Scotland Had a Navy.

Westminster Gazette.

Acting on the principle that "every picture tells a story," each of the illuminated and decorated tramcars run by the Glasgow corporation during coronation week symbolized something. One of the most popular cars was designed to show a vessel of the sixteenth century, and was the work of Messrs. Claud Hamilton, Limited, Glasgow and Aberdeen, who were at considerable pains to give a suggestion of what the "Great St. Michael" was like. It was James IV. who first created an effective navy for Scotland, exhausting all available timber for shipbuilding, so that he had to ask France and Denmark for more; and of the 16 large and 10 small ships he owned his special pride was the vessel just named, the largest then existing. To build this Dreadnaught of her day all the woods of Fife were laid waste. She cost £30,000, an enormous value in those times, had a crew of 300 sailors, 120 gunners and 1,000 marines, with "more great ordnance in her than the French king ever had to the siege of any town," James himself boasted.

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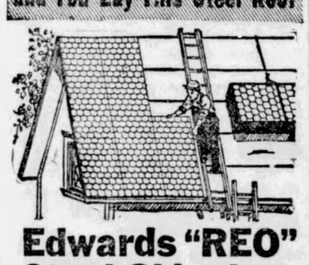

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REHEARSING A SOUL SAVING DRAMA

BY THE RELIGIOUS RAMBLER
(William T. Ellis.)

Silver Bay, N. Y., August 5.—What would be called a private rehearsal, if the enterprise were theatrical, of the most spectacular, as well as genuinely important of modern religious undertakings in North America, has been given here during nine days ending with the beginning of this week. The "spellbinders" and the leaders of the Men and Religion Movement have been at this summer assembly laying final plans for the unique national campaign which begins next month, and rehearsing the message that it is hoped will so stir the entire continent that a deep dent will be made in the 60 per cent of the population of the United States which is at present unconnected with any religious organization whatsoever, and that is also designed to bring into relationship with some churches—which ones matters not—the 3,000,000 men who are needed to equalize the church membership of men and women.

Nor is this all. The Men and Religion program, which has behind it the brains, and as much of the money as is needed, of North American Protestantism, aims to affect so profoundly social and moral conditions in the land that the results will be more important, practically, to the nation than the election of a president or the adoption of any law by congress. Proclaiming a fundamental remedy for the political and industrial and social unrest of the day, this movement, which becomes the voice of the churches, has enlisted the cooperation of some of the most forceful and practical social workers of the land.

After the close of the meetings here, it was freely said that the outstanding speaker among the three teams who will visit the 90 picked cities will probably prove to be Raymond Robins, a well known labor unionist and social worker of Chicago, whose appearance in the ranks of church workers will cause Chicagoans to ask, "Is Saul also among the prophets?" Mr. Robins' story of his own conversion up in Alaska stirred the several hundred picked men here more deeply than any other utterance from the platform.

"Red Blood; Not Red Fire or Red Tape."

Clearly this campaign is to be different from anything known. It is not at all like the Moody and Sankey meetings which were famous a generation ago, nor like any of the other evangelistic meetings that have followed them. It is not a duplication of the remarkable whirlwind campaigns of the Laymen's Missionary Movement; although probably suggested by the unprecedented success of these. It is not an aggregation of famous preachers and board secretaries, out in behalf of some special cause or fund. It is in no wise a sectarian or denominational movement.

The object is to present to the nation, in twentieth century fashion, the claims of religion upon men and boys, and the vital part that religion must play in the solution of all present-day problems. In order to cover the whole land systematically, a wonderful new machine has been created which is really but the utilization of existing machinery. A committee of 97, of which James G. Cannon, of New York, is chairman, and William H. Goodwin, of Montreal, is Canadian Sub-Chairman, has general charge. These laymen are practically all drawn from the various denominational brotherhoods, of which there are a dozen, such as the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, The Methodist Brotherhood, the Baptist Brotherhood, The Presbyterian Brotherhood, The Lutheran Brotherhood, The Congregational Brotherhood, The Brotherhood of Disciples of Christ, etc. The Gideons, which is the traveling men's organization, the International Young Men's Christian Association, the International Sunday School Association, the Laymen's Missionary Movement, and kindred bodies, are cooperating. The budget of the general committee alone is $125,000, while in each of the 90 cities which are to be centers of the campaign, a local committee will raise its own funds.

The coming of a circus to a city, or the advent of a political campaign, is not more thoroughly prepared for than is this Men and Religion Movement. The publicity and promotion and other local committees have been long at work, while the general committees have been at it longer. As an

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The troubles of tomorrow always look big today.

You can always find everybody in a crowd but the person you want to see.

It takes a pretty bright person to tell when the silly season opens and closes.

Out in Washington an optimist aged 103 years has just married his sixth wife.

The office of President often seeks the man who has the best campaign manager.

Justice Hughes has had his whiskers cut off—something he refused to do under fire.

Madero is finding it no easy job to make a Mexican revolution lie down and roll over.

The man who has lots of money can say almost anything without being regarded as a fool.

Probably Mr. Astor would like to know who started the rumor that all the world loves a lover.

Governor Wilson says liquor has no place in politics. He can't prove it by the ward politicians.

Mary MacLane says that sometimes she tells three hundred lies a day. Mary must be in society.

Admiral Togo looks like a man who has made a bet that he won't smile under any circumstances.

One of the surprising things in our American life is that so many rich girls have fool mothers.

South Bend young men have organized an anti-cigarette league. They will not marry girls who smoke.

John W. Gates has left a place that will be hard to fill. Men with the nerve to bet a million are scarce.

Mr. Bryan is probably more determined than ever that never again will he be a candidate for president.

Governor Harmon has one chance. The Democrats may nominate him for president to humiliate Mr. Bryan.

If J. Pierpont Morgan cared to do it, doubtless he could tell some interesting stories about "Kings who have met me."

If we have the right idea about the hookworm it will never amount to much until it marries into the ant family.

President Taft has a new horse, and he has given it the name of Reciprocity. It's a real horse—not a hobby.

The man who can't afford to carry a potato in his pocket to ward off rheumatism can use a buckeye. He'll never know the difference.

An Oklahoma telephone girl has inherited $30,000. Not enough for the purchase of a foreign title, but quite sufficient for new shirt waists.

Says a headline: "Luther Burbank has found it pays to take vegetables into his confidence." It would be interesting to know what he told the rutabaga.

There is $1,889,247,000 in the United States treasury. This is what Mr. Rockefeller would call a great burden, but the United States isn't groaning under it.

Having gone through the oats harvest, Secretary Wilson of the agricultural department may now feel like holding onto his job until after the corn is cut.

The latest prediction is that the world will come to an end within a very few years. Indefinite dope. What nervous people want is something that they can worry about now.

Senator O'Gorman is tired of his seat, which he has occupied only a few weeks. After 28 years Uncle Shelby Cullom still finds his very comfortable. There is no accounting for tastes.

A New York woman claims to possess a sixth sense, which enables her to hear what the gossips in Los Angeles are saying about her. We have a notion that a sixth sense of that kind would be a bother to the average woman.

A STRIKE AND WAR.

The strike of the English dockmen has given Britain a chance to realize some of the conditions which might prevail were the country ever to go to war with Germany.

England, more than any other nation, is fed from abroad. While her industrial greatness has been advancing, her agricultural interests have been decaying. As the factories multiplied, the farms have become fewer, the fields have grown up in wilds, the tracts that could bear grain and feed cattle have been fenced into hunting estates, made into parks, left to the heather and the birds and the foxes. The world has been England's larder. England has been the world's market for food.

If war came with the kaiser, one of the first steps which the Germans would take would be to attempt so to beleaguer the shores of the enemy that not a food ship could get through. The acts of war would be broken or circumvented in some way. No one can think that Germany would forego taking such an obvious advantage. England would be hungry in a week. In a month she would be starving were German warships able to maintain the cordon.

The dockmen have made London talk of famine. Germany could come near making all Britain cry for bread.

NEWS.

It is an unfortunate characteristic of news that wrongdoing, mishap, intrigue and things unpleasant about people gain the greater attention. This is so as well in the conversation of acquaintances and friends and families as in the papers. The rumor that flies fastest is that tainted with evil. The report that gets the swiftest into print is the one which means that some one has suffered, some one has gained to the consequent hurt of some one else, some institution has fallen or some idol proved booted in clay.

It is the aim of every newspaper to give a fair reflection of life. Unhappily that can be only an ideal. No newspaper can glean more than may be found in a fairly fixed system of news origins. The reporter who goes to a police station where news is to be collected with regularity must pass houses wherein there is often news he would give everything to learn, but which he may gain only by chance. Behind the masks of individuals upon the street is wonderful, beautiful, stirring, inspiring news, but news doomed to pass unchronicled. Life, as the editor must reflect it, is by the direction of circumstances, dim and distorted. It is the faintest echo of life.

It were idle to hope that newspapers can so alter their quality as to be absolutely true to things as they are. No history was ever written that gave a perfect picture. No portrait was ever painted that mirrored a being as he truly was. No poetry can be penned that will record the intimate thoughts of the human soul. Each of us moves through his days with a wall about him only slightly less impenetrable to friend and family than to the eager, sharp-eyed reporter.

JOHN W. GATES.

In the east there are a few capitalists and financiers who are as much as a generation removed from shirt sleeves. Because of the fact, they have felt they were entitled to sneer at John W. Gates, to condemn his vulgarities and to hold them up as typical of the west. It is a pleasure to recall that while Gates resented the attitude of fellow gamblers toward him he did not attempt to soften it by fawning and flattery. Crude as he was he still possessed a good deal of manhood.

It is to the credit of Gates' memory that he never pretended to be doing else in business than playing a game. He gave his particular form of fortune hunting no fine names, no glossing terms. He did not talk of having a special standing with the gods of destiny nor assume he had been fixed in his place to carry out the decrees of the divinity. He was coarse to grossness. He looked like a divekeeper. But it was said of him that he loved his friends, sought to share his luck with them, fought unsparing of himself when there was call for a word or an act in their defence. He represented what was worst and most repulsive in the "new rich." He also represented what was good and justifiable in the class.

It is to be hoped that the bettered times will make such beings as Gates impossible. But if they are to persist, let them be as openly vulgar, as lacking in meanness and hypocrisy as John W. Gates was.

THE STATEHOOD BILL.

The vote upon the statehood bill, 53 to 18, shows that the United States senate does not consider the people of Arizona a set of dangerous imbeciles because they wish to embody the doctrine of the recall in their state constitution. The vote, of course, does not indicate that fifty-three senators are enthusiastic advocates of this latest political panacea, but rather that they thought the citizens who must bear the trials of the recall had the right to judge for themselves as to what was desirable.

The application of the recall to the judiciary is very likely to prove unfortunate. But it is just as well that the judiciary throughout the United States should have some such reminder that it is in need of reform. It has brought this action upon itself. Were it as clean as it loves to boast it is, were it less fond of decisions based upon technicalities and more fond of decisions based upon common sense and justice, there had been no thought of establishing a system of public impeachment. It may be that Arizona will make trouble for itself, reduce its bench to looking to the street for the inspiration of its opinions and not to the law. Yet we scarcely think so. The people in the mass are sane. They are fair. They do want to do right. If tests of the doctrine prove bad, the doctrine will go. It will constitute one more political experiment that has failed and that will be the end of it. In the meantime there is no need for pulses to go racing with fear that Arizona is proposing to lead the way to anarchy.

THE EGG THAT KEEPS.

The process of nature in the cold storage egg is delayed, but not suspended. This is the public grievance against it. The consumer is compelled to be a gambler, not knowing whether the eggs he purchases will have the flavor of freshness or the flavor of things ancient and abhorrent.

A Californian has recently been making a demonstration that may put the cold-storage product out of the market forever. Believing that the air carried the forces of dissolution to the eggs through the pores of the shell he proceeded to make a compound that would fill the pores and shut out the air. Time has shown to the satisfaction of experts that the Californian's hypothesis has been correct. At least, he has been able to keep eggs in something of a state of juvenility. His discovery is acclaimed as the solution of the problem which cold storage processes have tried to get around and have only succeeded partially in doing.

When every householder may lay in a winter's supply of eggs, properly rendered air-tight, let him give thanks to the ingenious Californian and the science which has supplied him with materials to his need.

HARD LINES FOR PALMISTS.

Several states now look sourly upon the star-gazers. They have legislated against the readers of palms, the diviners of cards, the interpreters of omens and portents. One of the most ancient professions in the world is rendered precarious by the law and those of its practitioners who persist in showing the way out of the tall timber are cast into the tall timber themselves.

But these are but the workers on the margin of prophecy, the hangers-on, the camp-followers. The regular oracles are not disturbed. It is still perfectly legal for the broker to say "stocks are bound to go up in the fall." Indeed, we gather that that is the favorite prediction of the hour. The politician who forecasts universal happiness, a fairer distribution of wealth, the righting of crying wrongs, when once his party gets into power need not fear the warning finger of authority. The lover who exhausts the science and art and tradition of prognostication in order to compass his designs is not only given a free license, but is voted the sympathy of all the world.

And yet the palm-reader who ventures to inform the chinless bumpkin that he is destined for noble heights, or flatters the giggling young thing into dreams of the coming of a prince is hauled before the magistrate and heavily fined. There is a lot of injustice.

IN EXILE.

Republics, so the saying goes, are strangers to gratitude. President Simon, of Hayti, found it so. An aged man and respected, he had been called by a troubled people to lead them out of the morass of internecine strife. He had put his heart into the labor. He had done his best. But now he has fled into exile, bitter, disheartened, the rebuke to his disinterested patriotism rankling in his breast.

We read under a New York date line:

Antoine Simon, son of the deposed president of Hayti, came into port today on board the steamer Allegmania from Port-au-Prince. He brought a number of boxes of gold.

Bitter as are their thoughts, the deposed executives of our ungraceful neighbors never forget to think about essentials. They see to it that ample treasure accompanies them into banishment. Stripped of their pride they may be, but not stripped of the strippings of the public chest. Disheartened, they carry away consolation. Their patriotism bleeding, there is surgical dressing for the wounds by the boxful.

WOMEN AND POLITICS.

"Politics," sighs the Lady Mayor of Hunnewell, Kas., "is no game for women."

Aspasia, from all accounts, managed to achieve something in politics. The game in Theodora's day was not too difficult for that striking woman. Successes, as well as the one famously dramatic defeat, were connected with Messalina's more or less reputable career. Lucretia Borgia, in her own original way, progressed the devious course of politics. Queen Elizabeth played the game with satisfaction to herself and her nation. There were those eminent politicians who ruled kings who ruled a kingdom—La Valliere, de Montespan, de Maintenon and that whitewashed heroine of our Belasco, Comptesse Jeanne Du Barry. A family with patents of nobility and extreme respectability can thank Nell Gwynn for her adroitness in politics. If the guarded gossip of London was correct the machinery of state under Edward VII. was not conducted by him, but by the gloved hand of a woman. The stripping of the Congo, swift, daring, ingenious, was under the direction of another. When the politics of Andrew Jackson took on subtlety, Washington whispered its origin.

No game for women?

HOME RULE FOR IRELAND NEARER.

Once more the issue of home rule for Ireland is brought into the van of British politics.

One of the amendments injected into the veto bill by the house of lords specifically denied the house of commons the right to pass alone upon home rule. The lords demanded the privilege of review which, of course, meant the privilege of peremptorily refusing autonomy to Ireland. The commons refused to make a concession. Amid the stormiest scenes beheld in parliament within the lifetime of any living member, Winston Churchill, home secretary, declared that no surrender could be made and that home rule would become the foremost issue upon the settlement of the veto question. Lord Morley informed the house of lords that assurances had been received from the king that his support would be given to any attempt to force the veto bill through, even though the outcome meant home rule for Ireland. In the face of such overwhelming odds, the peers sullenly surrendered.

The fight that began over the revolutionary tax reforms proposed by Lloyd-George has at last been brought within sight of the end. With the dissolution of parliament following upon the lord's veto of the budget, the Irish cause leaped into unexpected prominence. The two big parties were so evenly balanced that the Liberals had to make an alliance with the Nationalists in order to hold their power. The second election cleared away the uncertainties of public sentiment. With the decision of these elections, the first duty of the Liberals was to strip the peers of their power to blockade legislation. Now that this has been done, it is for the Liberals to pay their debt to the Nationalists by passing a home rule bill. There is every likelihood that this will be done by the present parliament.

CHANGES ON THE ISTHMUS.

Photographs of scenes at Panama show that the character of the work on the big canal is undergoing a great change. A year or two ago, the pictures had to do almost entirely with the digging. Steam shovels held the center. Lines of dirt cars gave graphic indication that the big ditch was getting bigger and with speed. The most recent photographs are not of the cutting, blasting and dirt removal, but of the building of the great locks.

The canal commissioners and the engineer in charge have stuck to their forecast that the canal will be completed by 1915. But unofficially it is estimated that every shovelful of earth will have been handled, every lock made ready for use and every member of the canal staff be prepared for service by December 1, 1913. Even at this date, more than 24 months away, the reports of progress with the excavation are no longer sent out. It is not the big part of the work. The locks now command the greatest labor and thought. Before long the locks will be as complete and the task of the photographer will be altered to picturing shipping moving through the canal.

THE GROWING GENERATION.

The sudden swelling of the fortunes of so many American families has brought a grave danger in its train. It has multiplied the number of youngsters with more than ample spending money in their pockets, with both the capacity for enjoyment and the ability to gratify it. Where, ten or twenty years ago, each community had a few rich men's sons, it now has a sufficient number to constitute a distinct class. Luxury has company, but it has lost that balance that once it had by association with short commons.

But it is a comfort to know that that expansion of wealth came when clean living was more talked about, more practiced, among the well-to-do than at any other time in American history. The older men must admit that these clear-cut, well-bat'ed strong young fellows, the most spendthrift of them, are a better type that that which was classified under he word "dudes" a quarter century ago. They pursue more healthful lives, more open, more manly lives. Though many of them are bound in the nature of things to fall for the countless temptations placed in their paths, the most of them, we may be confident, will win to maturity freer of lasting evil than did those "dudes" of that earlier period.

Indulgence is the vice of American parents. Yet in spite of it, one can't but have faith in the final outcome with boys who show in their manners and their confident carriage such an appreciation of wholesomeness and decency.

PUBLIC SMOKING.

Dr. H. W. Wiley, our militant champion of real food, has issued the prediction that within twelve years smoking in public will not be tolerated.

Dr. Wiley doesn't smoke. That is plain. Yet with all the advantages which accrue to the non-smoker, according to juvenile literature, it can't be said that the doctor holds any diploma in the school of prophecy. If the evidences of the streets, the cars, the automobiles, the chairs before the hotels, the dining rooms, the theatre vestibules, the skyscraper entrances and the steps of the boarding houses mean anything, there is more smoking in public than there used to be. The cigar, the cigarette and the pipe would seem, to all appearances, to have more adherents than they ever had before. Dr. Wiley doesn't venture to say just how the minority of the non-smoking public is going to rebel against the majority of the smoking public and drive it to the back porch. Public opinion, it is true, does sometimes turn against itself, put on the reversing gear and back up. But that is an indefinite proposition. It comes too seldom to be counted upon. We would suggest a modification of the doctor's prediction. Make it thus: Within twelve years, smoking the substitutes for tobacco, now so much in favor, will not be tolerated, publicly or privately.

THE COUNTERFEITER.

Of all the departments of crime, that of making counterfeit money seems to hold out the fewest opportunities for lasting success. Yet it is the crime most persisted in, the one that brings the greatest number of recruits to the underworld, that revives the soonest after it has been crushed to earth.

It is the experience of those who specialize in the pursuit of counterfeiters that the suggestion for this is often spontaneous. A mechanic, a farmer, or any other who has a handy turn suddenly conceives the idea that it would be an easy thing to imitate coins. Sometimes he merely tests his skill at it and stops with that. But, oftener, if he makes a coin which looks good to him he is tempted to use it in exchange. Success with that leads him into the fatal daring. He is soon gathered in and thereafter is marked and watched. It is one of the pitiful things about the counterfeiter that he clings to the crime like a confirmed alcoholic to the bottle. He goes back to it. Punishment breaks his spirit, but not the love of making false coins.

THE WIDER DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH.

The Wall street Journal has been querying the big corporations about the number of stockholders upon their lists. From the replies of 154 corporations, the Journal has learned that the gain in stockholders is about 175 per cent. since 1901 and 75 per cent. since 1906.

The number of shareholders in the International Harvester company has increased 1,267 per cent. in the last five years. In the same period the Western Union Telegraph company has gained 32.8 per cent. The Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing company can show a gain in distributed ownership of 325 per cent. since 1901. The Anaconda Copper company had only 900 stockholders in 1906. By 1911, they had increased to 11,460. The shareholders of 109 companies numbered 161,493 in 1901. In ten years these same companies had 599,510 owners.

The wide distribution of shares, with the consequent restriction of floating or speculative securities, shows why it is that prices no longer fluctuate through the big range they once did. Also, it may account for the increase in the sense of responsibility apparent in the management of the corporations.

THE HUMAN TOUCH.

Among books which are not books, according to Charles Lamb's definition, is "The Mineral Resources of the United States," published by the Geological Survey. It has the acrid taste of copper. It has the dull look of lead. It is dry and wheezy with coal dust. Tables, figures and droughty comparisons are the meat and bread of its thousand pages.

Yet in a glance through this desert of information our eyes lit upon this human touch:

Very little work has been done on the company's property on the main area of peridotite. Nevertheless, about 75 diamonds have been picked up on the eight acres on this area and the adjoining two acres of M. M. Mauney. Mr. Mauney has fenced in his holdings and charges an admission of 50 cents for visitors, who are allowed to search for and to keep all diamonds found.

Our thanks to Mr. Mauney, the Yankee of Arkansas. He has not alone capitalized desire and the love of treasure hunting, but he has brought a cool air of refreshment into a government report unutterably musty.

HOLDING UP INDUSTRY.

There is a need of immediate reform of corporate abuses. It is a question whether the present methods of reform at Washington, vague as a fog, will ever get anywhere, whether they will bring a cure and not a curse. Expediency, if nothing else, demands less of investigation of past and obvious wrongs and more sensible, constructive legislation which will permit the forces of honest industry to continue at work.

The economic evils are all outgrowths of conditions. No individual, no group, is directly responsible for them. Men took that which plainly lay at their hands. They received opportunities which clamored at their doors. The whole trend of thought in this country had been rank, selfish individualism. 'Twas everyone for himself and the devil take the hindmost. When the policy broke of its own weight, we proceeded to cry out against those who succeeded most with it. We have said scarcely a word of the false system that allowed them to do so.

Today, when industry is palsied and capital trembling in its knees, when business is striving to recover from one panic and beholds itself upon the brink of another, congress wastes its energies in holding a few futile autopsies. The shroud of the dead past is whipped in the wind and the future of peace and prosperity is told to go hang. When these inquiries are over, no one will be the better save a few politicians who think they have accumulated capital that will draw interest with their constituencies. The system remains unchanged. Legislation to meet the needs of the hour is indefinitely postponed.

The man who wanted $10,000,000 of Mr. Morgan's money has been sent to the asylum. Had he asked for $50,000,000 he might have been mistaken for a financier.

Sunday School

PUTTING PREACHER IN JAIL

International Sunday School Lesson for August 20 Is, "Jeremiah Cast Into Prison," Jer. 37.

By William T. Ellis.

Happily, there are some things hard for the people of this day and land to understand. An oriental dungeon is one of these. Everybody reads about dark dungeons, but few understand as they read. A visit to the Mamertine prison in Rome, where Paul was confined, or, better, to the lately discovered prison of the Tower of Antonio, Jerusalem, enables one to see the actuality. The visitor inspects the rock-hewn prison cells in the Tower of Antonio, and they are terrible enough; but he is bidden to look down through a small hole in the floor, and there, by the light of a lowered candle, he sees that unspeakable horror, an inner dungeon. Out of the solid rock has been cut a small room, into which the light of day has never penetrated. Noon and night are alike there. There is absolutely no opening except this one hole in the roof, like unto nothing so much as the mouth of an eastern well. No drains or exits are in the room, and no means of ventilation. Civilization cried aloud over the black hole of Calcutta; but every oriental dungeon was such a black hole.

It was into a vile den of this sort, such as no menagerie would be permitted to use for wild beasts nowadays, that the sensitive, finely-tuned and nervous old man, Jeremiah, who represented the highest culture of his time, was thrown. Many another servant of Jehovah has shared a similar fate before and after him. The grim reality and brutishness of it all is worth recalling, in this delicate day, when the person who is merely gossiped about, or criticised, or slighted, is quick to call himself a martyr. Let us save the big words for worthy occasions. When a man has suffered as Jeremiah suffered for the truth, he may be permitted to regard himself as a martyr—but he will not. He will be so engrossed in the cause of truth that he will forget to think about himself. Truth's light may make a dungeon bright.

Enemies As a Life Factor.

Jeremiah found himself in prison upon the present occasion because he had made enemies. His previous utterances had assured him a vigorous crop of these, who, while they might not appear for a time, were silently awaiting their chance. "You may as well make up your mind to it," said a friend to a reformer who had antagonized great interest, "that for the rest of your life you are going to have the secret enmity of organizations; they may at times flatter and use you, but you have shown yourself an enemy of the 'gang' principle in politics and religion, and organizations are good and patient haters." That is part of the cost of speaking a message of truth which every modern prophet should learn. Whoso espouses truth's cause must expect the enmity of truth's foes. Sometimes he must be content with the consciousness that he is on God's side, for otherwise he will be very lonely; and many a bitter cup will be brewed for his lips by the relentless wage-slaves of error.

High as is its cost, the life of the iron-souled man is profitable to himself and to the world. What if the world were made up of polite, purring, compliment-exchanging, complacent servants of the day's fashion? Suppose there were no martyrs on the pages of history—no Puritans, exiled for conscience's sake, no Covenanters meeting on the moors of Scotland, no Luthers defying the high and mighty of the day? Take from this western continent the pioneers who, in New England, Canada, Virginia, Pennsylvania, and the new west, followed by flaming torch of idealism and of loyalty to their heart's highest convictions? Today these men and women are the meat and drink of the whole world; civilizations of which they knew nothing are thronging to the light they kept burning. Jeremiah in heaven now knows that his enemies and sufferings were inconsiderable, when seen in the light of that realm where truth is the unquestioned law and glory.

The Man at the Gate.

President Eliot once said that the peril of secret influence is one of the menaces of American life. He had some knowledge of the intricate and powerful ramifications of that dangerous thing commonly called "pull." It was this that laid Jeremiah by the heels. He was on his way out of the city of Jerusalem, upon perfectly legitimate business, the seige having temporarily been lifted, when Irijah a captain on duty at the Benjamin gate, accused him of being a traitor. Now Jeremiah was known to all Jerusalem as a great prophet and patriot, but back of Irijah were the princes whose war policy he had denounced, and who seemed to be stronger than even the king himself. These men cherished a grudge against Jeremiah, and this was their opportunity to find a plausible excuse for persecuting him. So to prison he was hurried, there to undergo, with frame emaciated by the rigors of the siege, the stench, filth, darkness, hardness and hunger of a dreadful dungeon. Because the "organization" had a man, all unsuspected, at the gate, they scored a temporary victory over the fearless prophet.

Things looked blue for Jeremiah. He had prophesied that the Chaldeans would conquer and burn the city, because the people would not turn to the true God. But now news had come that Pharoah and his army were advancing against the hosts of Babylon, who temporarily withdrew from the wall of the city of Jerusalem, which they had so long been besieging. The Jews took heart of hope; they would trust in Egypt for deliverance, for Egypt seemed so much more real and potent than an invisible Jehovah. It is the way of man to trust God only where there is no arm of flesh upon which to lean. In spite of all prophecies, and all history, the remnant of the Jews were confident that Egypt would be their deliverer. Alas for reliance upon man, when one is fighting against God.

The Patience of the Prophet.

Because he held life in proportion, Jeremiah was better fitted to endure the prison than was the poor timorous king, so soon destined to the same fate in a worse form. He had resources within himself, like the scores of other servants of God, whose free spirits no dungeons could confine. As Milton sang, "The Mind is its own place, and of itself can make a heaven of hell.' Hard, indeed, would have been the lot of Jeremiah, had he been like so many persons, interested chiefly in the non-essential things of life. Some men resemble the average tourist, who goes about the world blind to the real sights and interests of various lands, and chiefly concerned in the table fare and the lodging accommodations of the various hotels and steamships they met. It is hard for an observant person not to feel something akin to contempt for the majority of globe trotters whom he has met about the earth.

Jeremiah was a big man, by inside measurement. He had a self-contained life, and he could wait. No man is called to the prophet's office who is not possessed of unlimited patience; for the true prophet cannot hope to see his message fulfilled within the span of an earthly life. Truth needs the eternal years, which are hers, for the working out of her purposes. But the exalted sense of the ultimate victory of truth sustains the prophet amid all adversities. He has pledged his soul's allegiance to her, and, come life or come death, it is all the same to him; he cannot fail. The sufferings he endures in her service are sweetened by the consciousness that he is fulfilling the highest destiny of mortal, and that he is in fellowship with all the free spirits of all time. Did not Jeremiah see Christ's day afar off, and exult?

"What matter, I or they,
Mine or another's day,
So the right word be said
And life the sweeter made?

"Ring bells, in far-off steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples!
Sound, trumpets, far-off blown,
Your triumph is my own.

When King Seeks Out Prisoner.

This present triumph the servant of truth has; high and low must be judged by the word of truth that is in his mouth. In all crises the man with the word of truth takes rank above all others; even at the recent coronation of the king of England the representative of religion, from whose hands the king received his crown, seemed for the moment greater than the king himself. The coronation brought freshly home to Great Britain the religious significance of her greatest national experiences. So in his prison Jeremiah was sought out by King Zedekiah, and asked if there was any word from Jehovah. Prison had not aken away the prophet's loyalty to his message; there seems to be even an added brusqueness in the answer he returns declaring that Zedekiah should be delivered into the hands of the king of Babylon. The prophet may be imprisoned, his books may be burned, but his message still holds good; "the word of the Lord abideth forever."

The last act of the drama has opened. This pusillanimous king, who whimperingly begs Jeremiah to pray for him, is the last of David's royal line to sit upon the throne. The stiff-necked nation must now learn in bitterness of exile the lesson which it would not hear from its prophets—the lesson which still our own prophets are speaking to this later day:

"Hold yet the Faith—the Faith our fathers sealed us;
Whoring not with visions—overwise and overstale
Except ye pay the Lord
Single heart and single sword,
Of your children in their bondage shall
He ask them treble-tale!"

Spoons.

Harper's Weekly.

"Fingers weer made before forks," the saying goes, and it is probable that spoons were, too. Being the simplest, the spoon is apparently the oldest artificial appliance for human feeding. The form which we use at the present day—a small oval bowl, provided with a shank and flattened handle—is not that which has been universally adopted. If we look into the manners and customs of some of the people less civilized than we—the Kabyles, for example—we shall find that they use a round wooden spoon.

The Romans also used a round spoon, which was made of copper. We might be led, from this fact, to infer that the primitive form of this utensil was round, and that the oval shape is a comparatively modern invention. But such is not the case, for in the excavations made on the borders of Lake Paladin, the waters of which had been partially drawn off, there were found, in a state of good preservation, wooden spoons which in shape were like those in use today, the only difference being in the form of the handle, which was no wider than the shank. The Neolithic people used oval spoons made of baked clay.

"Dog Days."

London Chronicle.

The "dog days" are so called because the Greeks on first beholding the star Sirius with the naked eye were wont to sacrifice a brown dog to appease his wrath, the general belief being that Sirius was the cause of the hot, sultry weather usually attendant upon its appearance and that on the first morning of its rising the sea boiled, wine turned sour, dogs grew mad and man became afflicted with all manner of burning fevers, hysterics and frenzies. At Argos a festival was held during the dog days known as "Cynophantes," which means that dogs were killed on sight.

The Flight of Seeds.

Scientific American.

It is popularly believed that winged seeds from trees travel to great distances on the wind, but the investigations of a British scientist who has spent much time at Singapore, indicate that winged seeds have a far narrower range of flight than have "powder" seeds and plumed seeds. The greatest distance traveled by the winged seeds of a forest tree observed by this authority was 100 yards. Under the most favorable circumstances, he calculates, it would take this plant just 100 years to spread 300 yards, and 1,500,000 years to spread from the Malay Peninsula to the Philippines if a land connection existed.

Yesterday.

I meant, each brimming hour to send
That promised letter to my friend;
The moments flashed and broke like spray
And I forgot that all things end.
That golden hour was yesterday—
I can not reach my friend today.

The sunlight burns, an April whim,
In shadow I remember him;
The busy world hums merrily,
But as I work my eyes are dim—
He could have heard me yesterday,
He can not answer me today!

He may have thought I did not care—
My friend so sensitive, so rare—
I failed him, I who loved him well!
Dear God, how do Thy children dare
To trifle with Thy Gift, Today—
That fades, so soon, to Yesterday!

—New York Times.

Varieties

The Chinese produce goldfish two feet in length.

The first quarantine was established in Venice in 1127.

A coin in the slot machine for cleaning straw hats is a novelty.

Sixty tons of water a month are needed to produce an acre of wheat.

A hydraulic clutch for gasoline driven automobiles is an English novelty.

Australia and Argentina lead the world in the number of horses and cattle.

The cod consumption a head is greater in England than any other country.

In the German textile industry the tendency is to use female in place of male labor.

The colors of butterflies are influenced by the temperature of the air in which they live.

The sun exerts about two-thirds as much force on the tides of the ocean as the moon.

The per capita consumption of paper in the United States has increased about sixfold since 1880.

After five years' effort a burning gas well in the Caddo field of Louisiana has been extinguished.

Traffic has been suspended on the Pekin-Mukden railroad on account of the prevalence of the plague.

Digging a 14-foot sewer at Monticello, N. Y., has uneaarthed a large copper mine which had been long forgotten.

A machine which cuts up wood to make matches turns out 40,000 "splints," as they are called, in a minute.

Birds, it seems, rarely if ever, get accustomed to the sound of electric bells so as not to be startled at the ringing of one.

Before the day of steel for writing purposes, England was importing more than 25,000,000 quills each year for pens.

Receipts of virgin gold average $1,000,000 a month under normal conditions at the assay office of Seattle on the Pacific coast.

A brood of 11 chickens was attacked by bees at the Manor house, Bayford, England, and every one was stung to death.

Tennessee marble is famous, the state ranking third in marble production and deriving from it an annual income of $750,000.

A crusty old scientist of Vienna is trying to make women believe white garments are the hottest and least adaptable for summer weather.

During the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV. of France to wear one's own hair, or a small wig was almost an offense against good morals.

By leaving a loaf of bread at the house of a girl's father in some countries in Europe the wooer signifies that he will keep and maintain her.

In order to handle automobiles easily, several railroads have adopted a new style of freight car, having doors the full width and height of the car.

Experiments indicate that gums are formed by disease of trees, which can be inoculated as human beings are inoculated for smallpox and other ills.

Rest house, which Mrs. Frank Stevens has given to the clergy and church men and women of the Episcopal church of Boston, has just been opened.

A "herbarian" has opened a restaurant at St. Petersburg where startling dishes are of roots and herbs. A delicious and substantial "hay soup" is provided.

"A section of Johnson county has been dry so long," says the Pleasant Hill Times, "that there are bullfrogs down there that haven't learned to swim."

Within 10 miles of the city hall, New York, there are 10 suburbs on Long Island where agriculture is pursued in fields assessed at building-lot prices.

An international highway between New York city and Montreal is to be built. The state of New York has appropriated $1,500,000 to cover its share of the work.

There are over 9,170 miles of railroad in Spain. Among the new railways in prospect is one from Santander to Burgos and another from Madrid to Bilbao.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lambs," is not a scriptural quotation. The sentence is taken from "The Sentimental Journey," by the Rev. Laurence Stone.

The total value of the precious stones produced in the United States in 1909 was $534,380, an increase of $118,317 over 1908, says the Engineering and Mining Journal.

Native milking machines have been in general use in New Zealand for four years. Over 100 cows may be milked by one of them in less than two hours.

At the present time Japan is importing $1,500,000 worth of glass each year and in order to keep the money in the family she is developing the glass works of China.

New York's sick list averages 18,000 names each day, or one person in every 35, and within a year 1,530,000 cases of illness occur within the city limits.

Three thousand pieces of baggage an hour can be handled by an electrically driven belt conveyor recently installed on a New York pier to load passenger steamers.

Queen Mary's automobile is equipped with a tea basket. The car is of English make, painted green, picked out with fine lines of lighter green, and the mountings are black.

The Chinese government is planning to extend its merchant fleet of China steamers of modern build in the immediate future to the extent of 30 first steamships.

Dr. Thomas S. Crowe, of Chicago, official physician of Cook county, Illinois, advocates a law that would force landlords to provide fly screens for all doors and windows.

There are 92 postoffices in the principal islands of Hawaii. The islands all have telephone systems with rates about the same as in the United States.

A German scientist has invented a tiny electric oven, small enough to be placed on the platform of a miscroscope. Its purpose is to heat objects to be examined under the glass.

The Taiwan Ginko or Bank of Formosa has opened a branch in Shanghai for the benefit of the Japanese-Chinese trade. The bank is under the auspices of the Japanese government.

The Indians of America have become strangely pacific. At the present time there is not a single military post maintained east of the Mississippi river for fear of an Indian outbreak.

$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today ...You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and vitality, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of my prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced he is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor that ever got together.

Before ever put together. I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TONICHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly.

Please drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. As most many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

Trusses Like These Are A Crime

If you want RELIEF from all pain—a CURE instead of constant danger—strength instead of weakness—if you want to be rid of the old, unscientific and uncomfortable Leg-strap Elastic Trusses and Appliances—send to-day for our FREE Book of Advice. It took us 40 years to learn the facts it contains and tells you just how the Clothe Self-Massaging Pad STRENGTHENS the weakened muscles, HOLDS with Perfect Ease and CURES Rupture. Waterproof, durable, hygienic; sent on trial under Guarantee Trial. Remember—NO body-spring, no plaster, NO leg-strap. Write NOW for this free Rupture Book and 4000 Public Endorsements. Just address:—

BOX 14—CLUTHE CO., 125 E. 23rd St., N.Y. City

DON'T WAIT

Send your name today, and we will mail you a full $1 box of Biel's Nerve Tablets on trial. If they prove that they will restore you to health, give back your vigor, and make you feel strong, healthy and vigorous, equal to the pleasures of life, send us $1, otherwise we ask nothing—not a penny, we leave it to you to judge. If you are run down, have dizzy spells, are nervous, Lack Strength, Vim, Vigor, Vitality, poor Memory, Appetite, are thin, pain over heart or shoulder, send your name and address at once for a box on trial. When sure that they are just what we claim for them by actual trial, then you pay us $1, but if uncertain, you pay nothing. Let us prove it to you. Write today.

BIEL MFG. CO. Dept. 838 Denver, Colo.

DIABETES

The most valuable result of 20 years' work in Civil Engineering in the Tropics was the important discovery of a simple, harmless herb that is an actual specific for Diabetes, a disease hitherto considered incurable. To prove that it will give immediate relief in the most aggravated cases, I will send a 50c package (one week's supply) for only 25c.

Write me today and see how quickly Diabetol Herb will reduce both the specific gravity and the sugar, restore weight and build up the system. Booklet and diet showing proper foods for diabetes mailed free. F. M. Ames, Box 31 Whitney Point, N. Y.

USE ABSORBINE, JR., LINIMENT FOR IT'S

Swollen, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Goitre, Wen, Gout and Rheumatic Deposits, Sprains and Bruises respond quickly to the action of ABSORBINE, JR. A safe, healing, soothing, antiseptic liniment that penetrates to the seat of trouble assisting Nature to make permanent recovery. Allays pain and inflammation. Mild and pleasant to use—quickly absorbed into tissues. Successful in other cases, why not in yours? ABSORBINE, JR., $1 and $2 per bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 1 G free.

W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 127 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

DROPSY TREATED. Give quick relief, usually remove swelling and short breath in a few days and entire relief in 15-45 days, trial treatment FREE. Dr. Greens Sons, Box A, Atlanta, Ga.

ECZEMA

CAN BE CURED. My mild, soothing, guaranteed cure and $1 and FREE SAMPLE proves it. STOPS THE ITCHING right to stay. WRITE NOW—TODAY. DR. CANNADAY, 243 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Great Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safe. It relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.00. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. B. BOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

SECRETS FOR WOMEN in our catalog of RUBBER SPECIALTIES, TOILET SUPPLIES. Send 5c stamp. Sundry Supply House, AN-60 Wabash Av., Chicago

TABS BURGLAR WITH HATPIN

Handsome and Athletic Woman Is Awfully Severe.

New York, August 12.—Mrs. Nettie Rathmer, 30, is handsome and athletic. As she entered her apartments last night she came upon a burglar, who attacked her with his pistol. She seized a hatpin and jabbed it into his side. As he fled she overtook him as he hopped on a truck and again drove the hatpin home. He leaped from the truck and fell to the pavement, and in an instant Mrs. Rathmer was on top of him and she was jabbing the pin into his flesh until it bent. Then she began using her fists.

Policemen rescued the thief.

FREE TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS

New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.

We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long-standing or recent development, whether it is present as hay-fever or chronic Asthma, our method is an absolute cure. No matter what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, our method will certainly cure you right in your own home. We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, so-called "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense that this new method will end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

Do not suffer another day. This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and begin the cure at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do It Today.

FREE ASTHMA COUPON

FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., Room 90-B, Niagara and Hudson Sts., Buffalo, N. Y.
Send free trial of your method to:

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ASKS FORTUNE FROM R. F. D. MEN

Chicagoan Has Fine Scheme for Testimonial to Editor of R. F. D. News.

Washington, August 12.—Unless certain plans go awry, Wisdom D. Brown, editor of the R. F. D. News, will be the biggest beneficiary from the increase in pay given rural free delivery carriers in the postoffice department by the last congress.

Under the terms of the legislation each of the 42,000 rural carriers in the country will receive a raise of $100 a year in his compensation, so the average salary paid will be $1,000. But Mr. Brown, who was active in inducing congress to grant the increase, is to receive $42,000 for his services if the carriers comply with the plans conceived by his friends.

Asked for $1 Each.

Within the last week the rural delivery men throughout the country have received from H. H. Windsor, 318 West Washington street, Chicago, a circular requesting each carrier to forward $1 as a testimonial of gratitude to Editor Brown.

Mr. Windsor founded the R. F. D. News and later sold it to Mr. Brown, who then transferred publication of the journal from Chicago to Washington. The magazine is published in the interest of the rural carriers.

A few days ago the circular came to the attention of the postoffice department. The postmaster general at once sent to every postoffice a warning to all carriers not to have anything to do with the proposition. The matter also has attracted notice from congressmen, who have demanded on investigation of the scheme and its origin.

The increase in compensation went into effect July 1 last and the circular was sent out on July 24.

Mr. Brown's Work Described.

In describing Mr. Brown's work Mr. Windsor says:

"The house had voted the carriers an increase of $100 a year, but an amendment, which was reported by the senate postoffice committee, not only would have cut down the increase but, in many cases, would have meant no increase at all, but instead an actual reduction of salaries. The senate amendment was adroitly drawn and only Mr. Brown's vigilance and activity prevented its passage.

"The increase in pay secured for you by Mr. Brown became effective July 1 and I want to ask that every carrier send me $1 out of his first check to create a fund for presentation to Mr. Brown at the national convention, which will meet at Milwaukee, Wis., September 19, 1911.

Pay for "Actual Expenses."

"Will you not take the matter up with the other carriers from your office and ask each one of them to send me at least $1 for W. D. Brown?

"P. S.—This contribution should not be confused with what is known as a fund for lobbying. It is not to be used for any such purpose, but is to reimburse Mr. Brown for actual expenses and in some measure to compensate him for his services already rendered and results achieved."

MAINE SENATOR DIES

William P. Frye Served 30 Years as Successor of James G. Blaine.

Lewiston, Me., August 9.—United States Senator William Pierce Frye died here yesterday afternoon.

The state of Maine lost its senior senator and an almost lifelong servant in the death of Mr. Frye at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Helen White. The end came at 3:55 p. m. At his bedside were Mrs. White and his other daughter, Mrs. Alice Briggs, who also resides in Lewiston. Although he had been ill for a long time, death came suddenly.

Forced by the condition of his health to resign his position as president pro tempore of the senate at the beginning of the present special session of congress, although he retained his membership in the senate, Senator Frye soon afterward made his last journey to the city which always had been his home. For several weeks his condition was not considered necessarily serious. Up to last week he rested in comparative comfort, spending much of his time in reading or in having some member of his family read to him.

A general breakdown, due to age and his extremely arduous career, is ascribed by Senator Frye's physicians as the cause of death. Funeral arrangements had not been completed last night. President Taft and Gov. Plaisted were notified of his death.

Senator Frye was one of the last two of that remarkable coterie of Maine statesmen which began with Hannibal Hamlin, ended with himself and Senator Hale, who retired at the close of the last session of congress, and included James G. Blaine, William Pitt Fessenden, Thomas B. Reed and Nelson Dingley. Both he and Hale began service in the senate in 1881 and served the nation side by side for 30 years, a much longer time than any other two men ever sat together in the senate, whether from the same state or not.

Mr. Frye began his service as the successor of Blaine and Hale as the successor of Hamlin. Both entered the senate after conspicuous service in the house and both began their congressional careers in the latter body almost simultaneously.

Mr. Frye was in congress from the time of his first election to the house until the close of his life. The service had covered a period of 40 years, giving him the longest continuous congressional record, with the two exceptions of Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont, and William B. Allison, of Iowa.

DWARF MOSQUITO IS NEW PEST

Defies Screens, Fattens on Poison and Is Chicago Menace.

Chicago, August 14.—Scientists in and about Chicago are much stirred up over the discovery of a new variety of mosquito, which threatens the health of the city because it defies poison and screen. The newly discovered pest is so much smaller than the ordinary variety that scientists believe it has been dwarfing itself for generations to thwart the efforts of humanity to starve it out by the use of screens.

ENEMY JUGGLES RECORD

Solicitor McCabe Admits He Changed Court Order in Benzoate Case.

Washington, August 10. — The searchlight which has been turned on the foes of Dr. H. W. Wiley for several days has brought the house investigating committee face to face with an acute situation involving a deeper scandal than that revolving around Dr. Wiley, who, as chief chemist, employed an expert scientist at an illegal rate of payment.

Evidence showing that Solicitor McCabe had removed the words "benzoic acid" and substituted the word "caffein" before circulating a judgment rendered against a food manufacturer in a Missouri court, was only one incident in a session full of lively clashes between members of the committee and the committee and attorneys.

Wilson and Wiley as Witnesses.

Dr. Dunlap, associate chemist, who Solicitor McCabe stated today had prepared the memorandum in the Dr. Rusby case, upon which the charges were laid against Dr. Wiley, will be heard tomorrow. It is intended that Dr. Wiley, Secretary Wilson and other officials shall be called before the committee concludes its sessions.

The power of the committee to inquire into the Wiley case, as it now rests before the President, was raised during the hearing today by Representative Sloan of Nebraska. Representative Mays, of Florida, replied with vigorous language that he "wanted the light turned on everything," and "that the people are tired of having technical objections made to keep out important evidence." Mr. Sloan said he thought the committee ought first to get the power to investigate the Wiley case, but finally withdrew all objections to the line of inquiry, and said he was willing the investigation should go as far as the committee desired.

McCabe Under Fire.

Solicitor McCabe admitted to the committee that, in officially publishing for the department of agriculture the court decision in the Missouri pure food case, he had changed several words in the judgment of the court. The change eliminated benzoate of soda from the decree holding certain substances deleterious. He also admitted that William H. Harris, a coffee expert, is employed in the bureau of chemistry under terms exactly similar to those in the case of Dr. Rusby, which McCabe refused to sanction and which brought about the charges against Dr. Wiley. McCabe insisted there was a difference in that Harris was the only coffee expert the department could employ.

Mr. McCabe admitted that he had ordered the change in the court's judgment before publishing it, by which the word "caffein" was substituted for "benzoic acid" and the words "a harmful" were put in before the words "coal tar dye."

"Do you call this a truthful notice of judgment in this case?" demanded Attorney Davis.

"Yes, I do," said Mr. McCabe. "The department never charged that the use of benzoic acid made the product harmful."

Attorney Davis asked Mr. McCabe whether he had written the findings of the personnel board, which charged Dr. Wiley with having illegally agreed to employ Dr. Rusby, a scientist, at an excessive per diem rate.

Mr. CcCabe replied that the charges against Dr. Wiley were prepared by three members of the personnel board all working together in conference.

Mr. McCabe then admitted that William H. Harris, a coffee expert, is employed by the bureau of chemistry under exactly similar terms to the employment of Dr. Rusby, which he declined to sanction. Harris is paid $9 a day for examining samples and $50 a day for attendance as an expert in court. It was after refusing to sanction such a plan for Dr. Rusby that Dr. Wiley made the $1,600 contract with the latter which brought about the present charges.

SLIGHTLY DAMAGED BIBLES AT SACRIFICE PRICES.

I had the misfortune to have several hundred Protestant and Catholic Bibles slightly damaged in transit. The damage is so slight it would take an expert to detect it, and yet I do not propose to put out anything to my trade that is not absolutely first-class, without making due explanation. Bibles such as these have never been sold for less than $5.00 and frequently have sold at $7.50 and $10.00. They are beautifully bound in leather with gilt edges, and are known as the **Self-Pronouncing New Illuminated Bible.** They contain marginal references, a concordance and over 800 illustrations.

The Catholic Bibles are the authorized Douay Version, bound in Limp Russia Leather.

My Proposition.

Send me $1.84 and I will send you by express, charges prepaid, your choice of either a Protestant or Catholic Bible, with the understanding that if found unsatisfactory same can be returned and money refunded.

W. H. REDWIN, 510 THE ARCADE Cleveland, Ohio.

The editor of The Blade knows this concern to be thoroughly trustworthy and reliable.

LONDON STRIKE IS ENDED

Tieup of Foodstuffs Cost Metropolis $7,500,000.

London, August 12.—London is almost itself again today. The official announcement that the strike had been settled last night sufficed to release the flood of traffic which had been held up for two or three days and supplies were rushed out to replenish the empty markets and stores. It is estimated that the week's strike of the dock men and carriers has cost the metropolis at least $7,500,000.

MINT JULEP EXPERTS AT WAR

Ollie James, Dr. Wiley and Colonel Watterson Will Be Jury.

New York, August 12.—Congressman Ollie James, of Kentucky, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley and Col. Henry Watterson have been asked to act as a jury to decide a controversy between Albert Small and S. H. Jewett, two wealthy New Yorkers, as to the proper method of mixing a mint julep. A purse of $2,000 and wagers of nearly $3,000 more are staked on the verdict.

The controversy arose while Messrs. Small and Jewett were on a cruise which has just ended here. It was agreed that the jury must give its opinion on a basis of actual trial of the juleps as mixed by the two rivals.

FORCED BY GRATITUDE

OF HUNDREDS

To Repeat His Offer

of May 18th, in the Toledo W. Blade.

I have been so moved the past few weeks by the gratitude of Toledo Weekly Blade Readers, that I have decided to make again the offer which I made in the May 18th issue. This is what I said: "I am Going to **Give Away a Free Treatment for Deafness, to every sufferer who asks for it."**

The letters of request have poured in; letters of grateful thanks have also poured in. From every part of the continent, the people whom I have cured of that terrible affliction—Deafness—are thanking me.

A letter from the Far West says, "Allow me to thank you a thousand times for the good hearing you have restored to me." A letter from New England says, "I bless the day I saw your offer, for you have cured me of Deafness."

DEAFNESS TREATMENT FREE

These many letters of gratitude have touched my heart, and so I say again to the readers of The Blade, "I will give away a Free Treatment for Deafness to every sufferer who writes for it."

This offer can only be made for a very short time. If you are Deaf, or have any trouble with your ears, write for a Free Treatment.

This treatment is entirely free. I want to help you. I know what you suffer in the approach of Deafness, and the intolerable agony of complete Deafness. I know that I have cured many, many people who were Deaf. I want you to have the same opportunity to hear again. Write today for my treatment for Deafness.

Send off now, a post card or letter request. Don't delay or it may be too late. If you have even the slightest feeling that something is wrong with your ears, be on the safe side and **send for treatment.** It won't cost you anything. If you are growing Deaf, and have become discouraged and tired of experimenting, profit by the example of those who have been cured by my treatment. Many of these people thought that they never could be cured, they had tried so many different things which never did them any good. My treatment restored their hearing.

Write today, for a Free Deafness Treatment, to **Deafness Specialist Sproule, 43 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.**

BEEF IS GOING UP

Has Increased Six Cents a Pound in Six Weeks, and Keeps On.

Chicago, August 14.—During the last six weeks the price of beef has increased 6 cents a pound and the price is still going up. Packers freely predict that meat bills in the immediate future are going to be higher and a source of considerable anxiety and concern to the housewife.

From a period of plenty, live stock trade is going into an era of comparative scarcity. The big corn crop of 1910 and the high price paid for cattle, hogs and sheep during the previous year, furnished incentive to corn belt feeders greatly to increase production.

A Full Market.

The result has been a full market everywhere fo seven months, but the tide has turned and packers are already scratching in stock yard pens and alleys to get enough ra wmaterial to satisfy urgent trade demands.

During the period of plenty prices were below cost of production with the single exception of hogs, which have commanded a good market right along. Feeders are now facing not only high corn, but an unprecedented scarcity of young animals last winter.

May Be a Row.

There is possibility of a row of majestic proportions in the pending situation. Cattle raisers are aggrieved because hoof prices have been lower, while the consumer has been taxed to ascertain the reason of the discrepancy between cattle prices on the hoof and beef cost over the counter, and the explanation is up to packers and retailers.

If industrial conditions justify the price, good corn-fed cattle will sell at a range of $8 to $9 per cwt. next spring and the semi-famine of 1902 consequent on the drouth of the previous year will be repeated.

That the drouth throughout the southwest is responsible for the rise in the price of beef is the opinion of the Chicago packers.

MAY FIRE WILSON

President Taft Is Amazed at Disclosures in Wiley Trial Evidence.

Washington, August 11. — Official Washington today is stirred with the conviction that the dismissal of Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, Solicitor McCabe and the entire Remsen board will follow the revelations made during the investigation of the Wiley case.

Because of the developments which have cast serious reflections upon several of the high officials of the agricultural department, the conviction is growing that when the President acts, he will pursue a course calculated to confound the enemies of Dr. Wiley. A complete reorganization of the department of agriculture, from Secretary Wilson down, freely discussed some weeks ago, is regarded as inevitable by those senators with whom the President talks on intimate terms.

Today, it is understood, the President himself expressed great amazement over the disclosures, following the startling admission of McCabe that Dr. F. L. Dunlap, first assistant to Dr. Wiley in the bureau of chemistry, admitted it was he who first produced the charges against Dr. Wiley. Under a blistering cross-examination conducted by attorneys representing Dr. Wiley, Dr. Dunlap admitted he acted under the orders of Solicitor McCabe.

The investigators now believe they have the facts in hand to demonstrate, beyond any chance of dispute, that the plot to oust Dr. Wiley was a conspiracy on the part of crooked food interests and officials inside the department to dispose of the pure food expert because he steadfastly refused to yield his convictions on the matter of poisons in food products. The dismissal of McCabe and the members of the Remsen board and the voluntary or involuntary resignation of Secretary Wilson are now predicted.

The house investigating committee may summon former president Roosevelt. Col. Roosevelt is wanted to tell of the circumstances leading up to the creation of the Remsen board. The committee has been advised that Col. Roosevelt has indicated that he was misled in supporting the creation of the board.

SAN BERNARDINO FEELS QUAKE

San Bernardino, Cal., August 12.—The most severe earthquake shock felt here in years shook the business buildings yesterday afternoon with such severity that the occupants fled into the streets. The damage was trivial.

CROP LOSS PREDICTED

Three Leading Cereals Show Decrease of Perhaps 825,000,000 Bushels From Last Year.

1911 CROP YIELD AS CONDITIONS INDICATE

The total production of the principal crops of the United States for 1911, as indicated by their condition on August 1, reported by the United States department of agriculture at Washington, is as follows:

Crop.	1911. Bushels.	1910. Bushels.
Corn	2,620,221,400	3,125,968,000
*Winter wheat	455,149,000	464,044,000
Spring wheat	209,645,700	231,399,000
All wheat	664,794,700	695,443,000
Oats	817,800,000	1,126,765,000
Barley	159,352,400	162,227,000
Rye	30,677,000	33,039,000
Potatoes	249,893,000	338,811,000
Buckwheat	14,498,000	17,233,000
Flaxseed	22,899,000	14,116,000
Tobacco, lbs	600,588,000	984,439,000
Rice, lbs	23,076,000	24,510,000
Hay, tons	49,129,000	60,978,000

*Preliminary estimate of crop reporting board.

Washington, August 10.—The year's production of the three leading cereals, corn, wheat and oats, in the United States will be about 825,000,000 bushels less than the record crop of 1910, according to the government estimate Wednesday, based on the crop conditions August 1. Other crops show decreases.

Preliminary returns on the winter wheat harvest indicate that the production will be 455,149,000 bushels, which is 8,895,000 less than last year.

The potato crop, seriously affected by drouth, is forecast at 249,893,000 bushels, a loss of 88,918,000 bushels from last year.

The August crop report issued by the department of agriculture showing the condition August 1 and the estimated yields, follows:

Corn—Condition, 69.6 per cent of a normal, compared with 80.1 per cent on July1, 79.3 per cent on August 1, 1910, and 81.2 per cent, the average for the past 10 years on that date; indicated yield per acre, 22.6 bushels, compared with 27.4 bushels, the 1910 final yield, and 27.1 bushels, the average for the last five years.

Winter Wheat Yield.

Winter Wheat—Preliminary returns indicate a total winter wheat yield of about 455,149,000 bushels, as compared with 464,044,000 bushels finally estimated last year and 450,130,000 bushels, the average annual production in the past five years. The yield per acre is about 14.5 bushels, compared with 15.3 bushels in 1910 and 15.5 bushels, the average for the past five years. The quality is 92 per cent, against 92.6 per cent last year.

Spring wheat—Condition, 59.8 per cent of a normal, compared with 73.8 per cent on July 1, 61.0 per cent in 1910 and 82.3 per cent, the 10-year average; indicated yield per acre, 10.1 bushels, compared with 11.7 bushels in 1910 and 13.5 bushels the average for the last five years.

All Wheat—Indicated yield per acre, 12.8 bushels, compared with 14.1 bushels in 1910 and 14.7 bushels, the five-year average.

Oats Show More Loss.

Oats—Condition, 65.7 per cent of a normal, compared with 68.8 per cent on July 1, 81.5 per cent in 1910 and 82.2 per cent, the 10-year average. Indicated yield per acre, 23.2 bushels, compared with 31.9 bushels in 1910 and 28.4 bushels, the five-year average.

The amount of oats remaining on farms August 1 is estimated at 64,342,000 bushels, compared with 63,249,000 bushels on August 1, 1910, and 52,663,000 bushels, the average amount on farms August 1, for the past five years.

Barley—Condition, 66.2 per cent of a normal, compared with 72.1 per cent on July 1, 70.0 per cent in 1910 and 85.1 per cent, the 10-year average. Indicated yield per acre, 19.8 bushels, compared with 22.4 bushels in 1910 and 24.8 bushels, the five-year average.

Rye—The preliminary estimate of the production of rye is 30,677,000 bushels, as compared with 33,039,000 bushels last year and 32,414,000 bushels, the average annual production for the past five years. Preliminary yield per acre, 15.6 bushels, compared with 16.3 bushels in 1910 and 16.4 bushels, the five-year average; quality, 91.5.

Buckwheat—Condition, 82.9 per cent of a normal, compared with 87.9 per cent in 1910 and 91.1 per cent, the 10-year average; indicated yield per acre, 18.1 bushels, compared with 20.9 bushels in 1910 and 19.6 bushels, the five-year average. The area planted to buckwheat this year is 801,000 acres, compared with 826,000 acres last year.

Potatoes Away Down.

Potatoes—Condition, 62.3 per cent of a normal, compared with 76.0 per cent on July 1, 75.8 per cent in 1910 and 84.8 per cent, the 10-year average; indicated yield per acre, 71.5 bushels, compared with 94.4 bushels in 1910 and 96.9 bushels, the five-year average.

Tobacco—Condition, 68 per cent of a normal, compared with 72.4 per cent on July 1, 78.5 per cent in 1910 and 82.2 per cent, the 10-year average; indicated yield per acre, 672.4 pounds, compared with 797.8 pounds in 1910 and 826 pounds, the five-year average.

Rice Up to Average.

Rice—Condition, 88.3 per cent of a normal, compared with 87.7 per cent on July 1, 87.6 per cent in 1910 and 88.3 per cent, the 10-year average; indicated yield per acre 32.7 bushels, compared with 33.9 bushels in 1910 and 32.4 bushels, the five-year average.

Hay—Condition, 68.6 per cent of a normal, compared with 64.9 per cent on July 1 and 87.1 per cent, the 10-year average; indicated yield per acre, 1.14 tons, compared with 1.33 tons in 1910 and 1.41 tons, the five-year average. Area planted, 43,017,000 acres, compared with 45,691,000 acres in 1910.

Apples—Condition, 53.9 per cent of a normal, compared with 57.9 per cent on July 1, 47.8 per cent in 1910 and 53.0 per cent, the 10-year average.

The Wheat Harvest.

The winter wheat harvest by states follows:

States.	Yield.	Production.	Quality.
Kansas	10.8	53,438,000	92
Indiana	14.7	39,661,000	93
Nebraska	13.8	36,777,000	92
Illinois	16.0	35,508,000	93
Missouri	15.7	34,462,000	93
Ohio	16.0	32,784,000	93
Pennsylvania	13-4	20,529,000	86
Washington	27.3	19,820,000	97
Michigan	18.0	17,046,000	90
California	18.0	16,668,000	95
Maryland	15.5	12,322,000	92
Oregon	22.2	11,786,000	95
Texas	9.4	11,665,000	81
Tennessee	11.5	10,546,000	92
Kentucky	12.0	9,894,000	93
Virginia	12.0	9,552,000	92
Oklahoma	8.0	8,888,000	78
New York	19-5	8,638,000	91
North Carolina	10.6	7,187,000	93
South Carolina	11.4	5,632,000	90

WINTER WHEAT HARVEST.

	Yield.	Production.	Qual.
Ohio	16.	32,784,000	93
Michigan	18.	17,046,000	90
Indiana	14.7	39,661,000	93

CORN CONDITION.

	1911.	1910.	Ten-year average.
Ohio	80	86	83
Michigan	81	76	79
Indiana	80	87	84

OATS CONDITION.

Ohio	78	93	86
Michigan	81	80	86
Indiana	77	92	81

T. R. TAKES UP ALASKA

Says Government Should Own Railroads to Insure Territory's Progress.

New York, August 11.—Government ownership of railroads in Alaska is advocated by Col. Roosevelt in an article entitled "Alaska Again," which appears in the current number of the Outlook.

"I do not believe in the policy of state-owned railways as a general thing," he writes. "But if difficulty occurs in connection with what has been done in Controller bay, I feel that it would be well for the United States to build and operate the short line of railway (with its terminals) which would connect the bay with the coal fields."

Recalls Coal Strike.

Mr. Roosevelt refers to the coal famine during the anthracite strike and adds:

"In the eastern states we have suffered from the fact that the ownership of the coal and the ownership of the railways have been permitted to fall into the same hands. What havoc such a combination can work was shown when the people of a large section of the country were threatened with a winter coal famine which would have caused disasters as great as those of the civil war.

"The effort to remedy this state of affairs by government action, after it had been permitted to arise because of government inaction, was necessarily fraught with hardship and suffering for many innocent holders of securities. It is, to my mind, the duty of the United States government to prevent a similar condition arising in Alaska.

Would Lease Fields.

"With the coal fields of the north given over to private developers on a leasehold system as simple as possible, and on such terms as to guarantee an ample profit to those engaged in the work of development, the trouble in connection with the Alaskan coal fields would vanish. I have maintained that the resources of Alaska must be developed. I advocate, with all my heart, the conditions of development being made such as to give ample return to those willing to undertake the work. There is an element of hazard in the project and I would prefer to see the government err, if at all, on the side of liberality."

The former president, in the Outlook article, points to the successful manner in which the railway in the canal zone is being handled under government ownership and declares his belief that this plan offers a solution of the Alaskan development without the danger of monopoly, as threatened by the Guggenheim deal.

Commends Pinchot.

Mr. Roosevelt also contrasts the policy of his administration in this respect with that of his predecessor and heartily commends the course taken by Garfield and Pinchot, which cost them their official positions under the rule of Taft and Ballinger. The matter of the withdrawals of government land from the forest reserve in Eyak and Valdez Arm, under the Roosevelt administration, are explained when the colonel asserts that his action in these cases should not have been taken as precedents for the Controller bay withdrawals.

TOGO TICKLES TEDDY

Colonel and Jap Pleased to See Each Other.

New York, August 14.—Admiral Togo, hero of the Sea of Japan, Sunday paid a warrior's tribute to Col. Theodore Roosevelt, moving spirit in the peace of Portsmouth.

Apparently Roosevelt the fighter had appealed to the Japanese admiral rather than Roosevelt the peacemaker, for when he marched up Sagamore Hill yesterday to meet the former president he carried to Mr. Roosevelt a two-foot miniature of a soldier's armor. This unique souvenir of his visit was done in glistening metal with exquisite workmanship and encesed in a heavy mahogany box adorned with Japanese colors. Admiral Togo had kept the prospective gift a secret and had carefully preserved it in his travels from the time he left Japan several months ago.

Co. Roosevelt stepped forth on the veranda and greeted the admiral, who wore a white service uniform.

"Delighted to meet you," exclaimed the colonel. The admiral bowed, his face beaming as he declared his pleasure at greeting in person the man whom he felt he already knew so well.

After luncheon the party gathered on the wide veranda, whence sounds of frequent laughter and the vigorous voice of Mr. Roosevelt often issued. The luncheon was a strictly private affair. The only out-of-town guests besides the admiral's party, were Gen. Stewart L. Woodford, former United States minister to Spain, and Kokichi Midzuno, the Japanese consul general at New York.

Admiral Togo returned from Oyster Bay in a special train in a record time and went immediately to Carnegie hall, where several hundred Japanese were gathered and where he in turn received a gift. To the man whose chief characteristic is silence, they presented a handsome box phonograph.

2,000 CHILDREN IN REVIEW

Long Branch, N. J., Aug. 11.—An infantile army of nearly 2,000 marched through the streets of Long Branch today as the culminating feature of the annual carnival. From a stand in front of the United States hotel the parade of children was reviewed by Governor Wilson and members of his staff.

MAIL ORDER MARKET CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line). Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than twenty-one lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

FREE—"Investing for Profit" Magazine. Send me your name, and I will mail you this magazine absolutely free. Before you invest a dollar anywhere, get this magazine—it is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest $5.00 or more per month. Tell you how $1,000 can grow to $22,000. How to judge different classes of investments, the real power of our money. This magazine six months free, if you write today. H. L. Barber, Publisher, R-407, 28 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

MALE HELP WANTED.

ADVERTISEMENT—writers earn from $25 to $100 a week. You can learn quickly. Ask for free information. Page-Davis Co., 15 Page Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—Mail Clerks, Carriers, Clerks at Washington, D. C., $600 to $1,200 yearly. September examinations everywhere. Preparation free. Write for schedule. Franklin Institute, Dept. M-32, Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS.

AGENTS—Something new in door plates and glass signs. Make them yourselves. No painting. No delays. We furnish everything. Big profits. Write for particulars. Eastern Specialty Co., 63 Barclay St., New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COUNTY warrants for sale; good, safe investment for your idle money. Smithpeter, Orrea, Ok.

BUSHEL CRATES for farmers and shipping produce. Get our prices. S. V. Beeks, Great Valley, N. Y.

MEDICAL.

DANDRUFF, itching, eczema, hair, teeth; lightning remedy, 50c and $1. Consultation free. Dr. Chance, Sykes Blk., Minneapolis, Minn.

TOBACCO HABIT.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED or No Cost—Harmless home treatment of roots and herbs. Sure, pleasant, permanent. Send your name now. Ni-Ko Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

PERSONAL.

LADIES—When delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

MARRY—Many wealthy, both sex, will marry, wonderful results. Particulars Free. Reliable Club, 86, Box 26, Oakland, Cal.

WOMEN—Prompt Relief; Natures's Remedy often cures the most obstinate or delayed menstruation; one day; guaranteed; price $1. Nature Remedy Co., Desk 19, Pittsburg, Pa.

WANTED—More advertisers to know that TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is a big business getter. Use its columns every issue and get big results. Advertising rates reasonable, circulation guaranteed. Address, Weekly Blade, Toledo, O.

A five-line advertisement, same size and style as the above, will cost only $3.00 for one insertion in the

Mail Order Market Column of

The Toledo Weekly Blade

You can place your proposition in a Quarter Million Homes, from Maine to California, and before over a Million Readers every week.

A new business can be started or you can buy, sell or trade by using the Mail Order Market of The Toledo Weekly Blade.

FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW.

MAIL ORDER MARKET.

Figure 7 words to a line, each line costing 60c. Send cash with order. Address your letter to Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Gentlemen—I enclose copy of an advertisement to measure..... lines, which I desire you to insert in the MAIL ORDER MARKET. I am sending remittance of $..... to cover the cost of same.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State.....

PETROVA CALLS MEN LESS POLYGAMOUS THAN WOMEN

New York, August 11.—Of course no woman will admit Mme. Olga Petrova speaks the truth. From which you are not to gather that Mme. Petrova, of the Folies Bergere, has any particular aversion to general veracity. On the contrary, she will tell you her real age, if you ask her, and that is more than you could logically expect of any woman. Nor does she indulge in interesting and startling tales of her popularity and salary at the Folies Bergere in Paris, from whence she comes and whither she is eventually to return.

No. In these respects she is an almost uncannily modest and model person. But the fact remains that Mme. Petrova does hold certain theories and tenets which no woman in her right mind would admit were founded upon truth. You may judge for yourself when she declares:

"Women are at heart greater polygamists than men.

"If women are not actually as polygamous as men it is not because they are more moral. It is merely because polygamy for them is inexpedient, or because they lack the courage or their convictions.

"At least men do not sell themselves for money.

"A young girl will marry a very rich man double her age, a man whom by every law of nature she could not possibly love, and the doors of every decent woman's home will be open to her.

"Yet if the same girl were to love too well some poor man of an age that would logically attract her, every woman's door would be closed in her face. That's woman's morality for you!

"I have watched women and been interested in them all my life. I have somehow come away with the impression that whatever morality women may have it is more or less a passive qu

The Peace Page.

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH AYRES

THE BLADE BOOK

By BLADE WRITERS

Peace and Other Things.

CHAPTER fourteen of The Blade Book.

Mary Cassidy is ready to jump into this corner again, but I am telling her she must let the men folks have a show, for at least a week or two, an' her bein' a worthy woman, 'tis her that's sayin': "'Tis not me that'll be holdin' back the min. Let um have equal rights wid the women. 'Tis not the likes o' Mary Cassidy that'll be previntin' thim from havin' their votes!"

This being the case, The Old Jigger from Up the Crick is with us again with a few timely remarks. Here they are:

It hez ben sum time since I rote enything fur The Blade, but I haven't ben idle; I hev ben milkin' kows 2 times a day an' hev a purty big garden to luk after, but I allers take time to rede The Blade. I like the Pece Page. I am a believer in international pece, in pece in the naborhood, in pece in the family. This life is tu short tu be fitin' and quarlin'. If we can't liv in pece here on this erth fur a few years, how kin we expect to liv in pece in heven. If sum people wud git tu heven, tha wud make a awful lot uv bother fur ol' Peter tu kepe pece.

When I wuz married I wuz purty kontrary an' used to stan' up an' jaw with mi nabors. My wife wuz a gurl hu belonged tu the church an' she sed that way uv livin' wusent rite, an' 1 time, after I hed a fite with a nabor, I herd her ast the Lord tu take the fite out uv me an' she told Him I wuz a purty gud feller, so I quit fitin' an' fur 30 yeres hevent hed a jawin' spell with a livin' thing, an' fur 36 yeres that same Christian girl an' I lived together. Yes, sumtimes we hed a disagreement, but before we went tu slepe we kist each uther an' made up. She wuz not perfect, but wuz as near tu it as it possible fur a person tu be. She never hed a quarl with a livin' bein' an' I never herd her sa enything behin' enybudy's back she cudent tu thare face. I never herd her tell a lie. Tu lie, tu her, wuz rong, even tu deseve her kids erbout Santy Klaus or the rabbit lain aigs, an' I know her kids enjoyed the Krismis tre an' the kolored aigs, jest as well as if she hed lide tu them about it.

Fur 4 yeres she's ben lukin' down from the sky, an' every time I am tempted tu fite ur lI' ur du enything mene, I think wud she like it.

Like our frend Piggie, I hev built air kastles 'bout a front porch an' a nice house, an' purty karpets, an' rockin' chares, an' nice picters, but never got it dun, but mi boys an' gurls allers hed yung people cum tu see 'em an' I enjoyed it, tu, an' they went to skule an' hed hoses tu ride an' drive, an' didn't nede tu ast fur them. They jest went tu the field an' ketched them an' went.

Now most uv them are gone. 1 is way in Washington state, an' I often dream uv them an' think if tha dident hev a nice porch an' red plush cheres, tha hed a gud time an' they all luv thare daddy an' mammy. 1 uv the gurls at home hez rode in a lot uv parades an' in several maskerade turnements. No hoss can throw her off.

But I hev wandered wa off from what I wuz goin' to sa when I started in tu write fur The Blade. I wuz goin' tu tell uv a outin' the Franklin Evenin' News giv the people hu rite fur it. For 10 years, every June, tha giv all thare correspondents a fre ride an' a fre dinner at Monarch park. This park is half wa twixt Franklin an' Oil Sity an' is owned by the street kars company. Everything is fre. Yu just pa tu ride on the cars tu it an' can enjoy the day. It is fixt up awful nice; posies, fountains, merry-run-roun's, an so on. Thare is a auditorium, an' dinin' hall, a big dance hall, a brass band, movin' picters evry nite an' ev'rythin free. (No bere ur whiskey allowed in grounds.) About 80 uv us wuz thare an' Hon. Joseph Sibley, hu wuz tu kongress an' hez more frends than any man in Venango county, rit us a letter an' sed he wud like tu be with us, (he wuz thare last time), but he wuz sik. He sent us 10 dollars tu bi ice kreme an' ride on the merry-run-roun', an' a little R. R. & C.

It wuz funy tu se granpaps an' granmams ride little wooden hosses, painted red. A woman tempted me an' I rode 1.

If the korespondents uv The Blade cud hev a outin' it wud be fine. Elizabeth cud sit at the hed uv the table an' make a speech. Piggie of Pennsylvania cud tell uv his boys an' gurls. Buckeye of Washington cud tell sum fish stories, a Pierrepont gurl cud bring a bunch of lilocks an' we wud luk at them an' think uv the old garden with a lilock bush on each side uv the gate. An' that little muther uv 4 from West Virginia cud tel how she managed tu fede everybody, rock the baby tu slepe an' not throw a feller's shuse out doors ur hang his pants in the wash house when she was cleanin' house.

Then that mother of 6 boys. Golly! how Ide like tu hev holt uv her baby fur a few hours. Oh, them wee, little arms an' han's! Peple hu hev never rased eny babies don't no what life is wuth.

An' our new visitor cud bring her gitar an' pla' us a tune an' Elizabeth an' the Old Jigger wud lede the dance, an' Web Fute, an' Mrs. Hagal, an' Base Ball, an' a Missouri Gurl in Oregon, an' all uv us wud git tergether an' be boys an gurls ergin. Yours, The Old Jigger.

If all the correspondents of The Weekly Blade should get together, you would not be able to find yourself in the crowd. We should be a multitude, numbered by thousands.—Elizabeth.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

Jane Jones said to me: "Now's the time o' year when the women folks is 'most goin' to kill themselves picklin', preservin' and cannin'. I think it's real pretty to see women take proper pride in their work, but it don't look like good sense for them to get in such a fuss about it; the men folks has to hide out till the pot quits a-boilin'."

A good laugh is better than a crying spell, any hour in the day or any day in the week.

You can take it from Elizabeth or from Mary Cassidy, as you choose, when you feel cross enough to bite nails, or sick enough to go to bed, going to bed is the remedy. You need sleep, and much of it. Try this recipe and report results.

This is a word to the men folks, the married ones and those that are hoping: A tired-out woman is not responsible for what she says or does. The moral of this is: Don't "jaw" back, even if she gives you one of those spectacular and picturesque tongue-lashings. Make her laugh if you can, or at least make her smile, and the worst will be over.

Peace—universal peace—is one of the things which must begin at home. From the home start all things which either make or mar the world.

In time of peace prepare to keep on having peace.

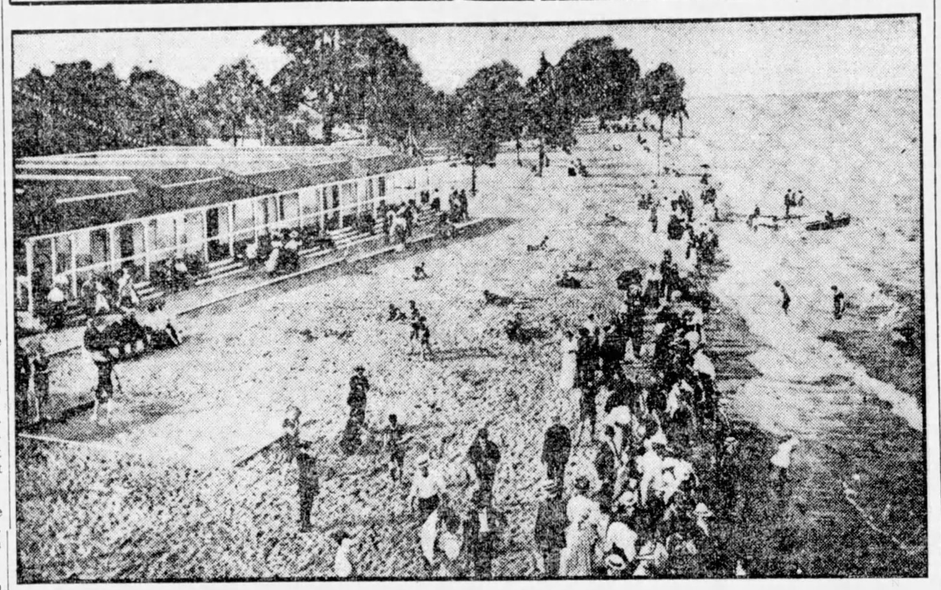
Nursing a grievance is exactly like the big snowballs the boys roll up in snow time. You start with a little one, but if you continue to roll it the little one becomes a mammoth. What's the use?

Always you are helping yourself while you are helping others.

Be a booster, not a knocker.

Here's hoping some more.

MERRY-GO-ROUND



TOLEDO BEACH.

This is one of Toledo's popular pleasure resorts, spread along the shores of Lake Erie, about 17 miles from the city. Friday, August 11th, 2,000 Toledo newsboys were "toted" down there by the electric cars for a grand reunion and picnic. These newsboys, organized, guided and directed by John E. Gunckel, whom the boys call "Gunck," without meaning the least disrespect, and several able assistants, who have not forgotten what it feels like to be a boy, are in immediate danger of becoming good citizens. In fact, they are this already, and Toledo's newsboys, while they are not angels, are real, human beings.

At the picnic, each boy was presented with a well-filled lunch box, and everyone had all the swimming he wanted. Lake Erie, at this point, was one vast swimming hole that day.

The picture shown of the beach is not one of newsboys' day, for "which same" I am sorry, but it will give you an idea of how the place looks. It is a "pretty good looker."

Kansas to the Gila Valley

By MRS. WILLIAM REIMANN

FRIENDS and Neighbors of the Peace Page—Not being very busy today, I thought I would drop in and have a tea table chat with the members of our society, and, if they care to listen, I shall relate some of our experiences in moving from Kansas to the Gila Valley, in southern Arizona.

We moved out there in September. My husband had been looking over that part of the country the previous winter and had taken up a desert claim of 640 acres, paying the government one dollar per acre down, and the balance—I forgot just how much—to be paid at the expiration of five years. In the meantime, the settlers had to get water enough on the land to irrigate every legal subdivision, that is, every 40 acres. My husband had entered into agreement with a company, twelve miles up the river, which was constructing an irrigating ditch, to deliver a certain amount of water to our section of desert land, within a specified time, the price agreed upon being sixteen hundred dollars. As the company was hampered in its operations by lack of funds, my husband paid the money in advance.

We took teams to the town of Lyons, then boarded the Southern Pacific. On we sped through western Kansas, where the land is as level as a floor, with not a tree or bush in sight; through Colorado, which looked quite picturesque with its mountains, valleys and canons, and where, in some places, the train winds its way in such a zigzag, that it looks as if it were taking the back trail; and on through New Mexico, where could be seen herds of cattle grazing, and here and there a windmill, towering above the landscape.

Several herds of antelope scampered away on approach of the train. Whenever the train stopped, squaws, with baskets filled with peaches and grapes, came to the car windows, offering them for sale to the passengers. They had for sale, too, gaily painted bows and arrows, and crude toys, made of pottery. As we passed Stein's Pass, in southwestern New Mexico, everyone craned his neck to get a good look at this rugged, rocky and uninviting piece of country. Here it was, a year or two before, that the notorious Indian chief, Geronimo, and his band, committed fearful depredations on the unlucky emigrants who happened to be crossing in their schooner wagons.

The next town of importance was Tucson, in Arizona. Tucson is pronounced as if it were spelled, "too saun," with the accent on the last syllable. It is a good-sized city, but does not look inviting or attractive to an easterner. Most of the houses are built of adobe—a kind of a large, sun-dried brick—the streets are narrow and you meet Mexicans at every turn. They come in from the surrounding country; not in wagons or buggies, not yet on horseback or afoot, but on burros These are small animals and most Mexicans are small. If a tall man should ride a burro, his feet would almost touch the ground.

From Tuscon, we sped on to our destination, and what a God forsaken country! A level expanse of desert, all the way from Tucson to Yuma. The only vegetatioin to be seen is sagebrush and greasewood, and giant cactus, about 30 feet in height, with smaller species growing between.

The heat was terrible and the dust whirled up in dense clouds, shifted through every crack and crevice. Presently the train stopped at our destination, a little staion called Texas Hill. I consists of a small station house and a large water tank. The railroad company has a pumping plant on the Gila river about six miles distant, and the water is conveyed in pipes to the tank.

I never felt so homesick in my life as when we stepped off the train and helped our seven children to alight. There we stood in the glaring sun. We could not get even a drink of water, for something had gone wrong with the pump, so the agent informed us, and the supply had been temporarily shut off. The train, by this time, had again started and nothing could be seen along the track but a streak of dust.

In my next letter I will tell you more of the hardships and privations we passed through. In the meantime, my daughter and I will be busy canning fruit.

When you get that fruit all neatly and sweetly canned and sealed, travel this way again. We, of the Peace Page, will bid you "welcome to our city."

POEMS REQUESTED.

The poem entitled What is a Gentiman? is asked for.

The poem called Brier Rose is asked for. It begins, Said Brier Rose's mother to the naughty Brier Rose, what will become of you, my child, the Lord Almighty knows!

An old-time circus song is asked for by one of the "soldier boys." The chorus begins: She can knit, she can spin, she can loe the sugar cane.

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.
Object of the M. G. R.: Mental moral and social improvement.

FROM CHEROKEE GIRL

Dear M. G. R.'s—Our part of the country is favored with the most beautiful wild flowers, especially in the fields. It seems natural for a profusion of wild flowers to grow in the woods, but it is not common in many states to see the fields so favored.

From late March until the first frost, our fields are dotted with the wild verbena; a very dainty, little plant, similar to our cultivated verbena, but there is only one color—purple. They are very fragrant, and my choice of field flowers. There are many others more showy, such as soap plant. I do not know whether this is the correct name, but it is a beautiful plant, which seems identical with the rock lily, save for the fragrance, of this it has none. Then, the soap plant blooms every year, while the rock lily blooms only once in seven years.

There is a species of dandelion growing in the fields, which, in color, is a very light yellow, with beautiful foliage. It resembles the poppy very much, and is a fine flower. Beautiful blue and white daisies are in the fields, too, and are among the nicest of flowers.

The largest buttercups I ever saw anywhere are found on our prairies, too. Violets, having several colors to one flower, blossom in the spring. I think they must be wild pansies.

In the past May sweet peas were discovered, and it was a most delightful discovery. The flowers are a little larger than our average cultivated sweet peas and they are of several colors; truly a rival of our home grown ones, although lacking their fragrance. The woods are a variety of color in the spring, like all woods.

I love flowers, birds and fruits. I am particularly fond of fruits. Cherries are my favorites and there are scarcely any grown here. Our young trees, set out about five years ago, have not borne much fruit, in fact, not any until this year, when one dear, little cherry tree, proceeded to bring forth fruit to the extent of 25 cherries. This being the first crop, we let them hang long enough to fully mature, in order to ascertain their quality, but some little boy saved us the trouble of sampling them, for, when we returned from church one Sunday the little tree was like the fig tree of olden times, "leaves, only leaves." However, we have a prosperous looking blackberry patch, from which I gathered the first of the crop and my mother divided it with a neighbor's sick baby.

We have some little thieves in our berry patch, too, but for the berries they sing us a song and we think this is worth more than shekels. Any kind of fruit is acceptable to me, but I get very hungry for cherries. In the old home we had many varieties of cherries. Ox heart, black tartarian, May duke, early Richmond, red and black marilla and some others of which I never knew the name. In fact, I grew up in the cherry tree, from blossom time until the cherries were gone, and then I loved to sit up among the branches and kind of thank the trees for the fruit I had enjoyed—Cherokee Girl, Oklahoma.

A "RED-HEADED FARMER BOY"

Dear M. G. R.'s—Perhaps it is not too crowded for me to take a short ride with you. I have never written before, but have often thought of it. I live in the good, old state of Illinois, near the banks of the Wabash, about five miles from the river, so whenever you read of this river you may think of me. About two miles frm Mt. Carmel is a dam, known as the Grand Rapids. This is built in a shallow place in the river, so the boats may pass through. The east end of the dam has gates, which let the boats through. There is an historic place a short distance north of the dam, known as Hanging Rock. Around this several relics of the Indians have been found.

The river is crossed in Wabash county by two railroads and several ferries. Mt. Carmel is a small city on the banks of the Wabash. It has about 8,000 population, good schools, several factories and two railroads. Three electric railroads are planning to enter the town from various places. Well, I will close, hoping to find this in print. —A Red-Headed Farmer Boy, Illinois.

FROM VIRGINIA

Dear Elizabeth and the M. G. R.'s. —Will you allow me to join your happy band? I certainly enjoy reading the letters from the M. G. R.'s.

My husband takes The Blade. We were married in the past December. He is only eight years my senior—not much, is it, Elizabeth? He is a good husband, though. We live among the hills of southwest Virginia, near the south fork of the Holston river.

I am interested in raising poultry. I like birds, also. There was a wren that built her nest in a gourd, hanging on our back porch. The gourd was hung there purposely for her. She hatched out eight wee birds, and was kept very busy supplying food for them, until they were able to provide for themselves.

Elizabeth, I wish all boys were as kind to birds as Uncle George Racey, of Shawnee, Tenn., was when he was a bird. Birds' lives are as precious to them as ours are to us.

I thought I heard some one say, "She has said enough." I suppose I have, but I hope to see this in print, as I want to surprise my husband. Best wishes to all. — Maggie, Lodi, Virginia.

POETS' CORNER

MAKIN' AN EDITOR OUTEN O' HIM

By Will M. Carleton.

"Good mornin', sir, Mr. Printer, how is your body today?
I'm glad you're to home, for you fellers is always a runnin' away.
Your paper last week wa'nt so spicy nor sharp as the one week before,
But I s'pose when the campaign is opened you'll be whoopin' it up to 'em more.
That feller that's printin' The Smasher is goin' for you perty smart,
And our folks said this mornin' at breakfast they thought he was gettin' the start.
But I hushed 'em right up in a minute and said a good word for you,
I told 'em I b'lieved you was tryin' to do just as well as you knew;
And I told 'em that someone war sayin', and whoever 'twas it is so,
That you can't expect much of no one man, nor blame him for what he don't know.
But, layin' aside pleasure for business, I've brought you my little boy, Jim,
And I thought I would see if you couldn't make an editor outen o' him.

My family stock is increasin', while other folks seem to run short.
I've got a right smart of a family—it's one of the old-fashioned sort;
There's Ichabod, Isaac and Israel, a workin' away on the farm,
They do 'bout as much as one good boy, and make things go off like a charm.
There's Moses and Aaron they're sly ones, and slip like a couple of eels.
But they're tol'able steady in one thing—they always get 'round to their meals.
There's Peter is busy inventin' (though what he invents I can't see),
And Joseph is studyin' medicine—and both of em boardin' with me.
There's Abram and Albert is married, each workin' my farm for himself,
And Sam smashed his nose at a shootin,' and so he is laid on the shelf;
The rest o' the boys are all growin', 'cept this little runt, which is Jim,
And I thought that perhaps I'd be makin' an editor outen o' him.

He ain't no great shakes for to labor, though I've labored with him a good deal,
And give him some strappin' good arguments I know he couldn't help but to feel;
But he's built out of second-growth timber and nothin' about him is big,
Exceptin' his appetite only, and there he's as good as a pig.
I keep him carryin' luncheons and fillin' and bringin' the jugs,
And take him among the pertatoes and set him to pickin' the bugs;
And then there's things to be doin' a helpin' the women in-doors;
There's churnin' and washin' of dishes, and other descriptions of chores;
But he don't take to nothin' but victuals and he'll never be much, I'm afraid,
So I thought it would be a good notion to larn him the editor's trade.
His body's too small for a farmer, his judgment is rather too slim,
But I thought we perhaps could be makin' an editor outen o' him.

It ain't much to get up a paper, it wouldn't take him long for to learn;
He could feed the machine, I'm thinkin', with a strappin' good fellow to turn,
And things that was once hard in doin' is easy enough now to do;
Just keep your eye on your machinery and crack your arrangements right through.
I used for to wonder at readin' and where it was got up, and how,
But 'tis most of it made by machinery—I can see it all plain enough now;
And poetry, to, is constructed by machines of different designs,
Each one with a gauge and a chopper, to see to the length of the lines;
And I hear a New York clairvoyant is runnin' one sleeker than grease,
And a-turnin' her heaven-born productions at a couple of dollars apiece;
An' since the whole trade has growed easy, 'twould be easy enough, I've a whim,
If you was agreed, to be makin' a editor outen o' Jim."

The editor sat in his sanctum and looked the old man in the eye,
Then glanced at the grinning young hopeful and mournfully made his reply;
Is your son a small unbound edition of Moses and Solomon both?
Can he compass his spirit with meekness and strangle a natural oath?
Can he leave all his wrongs to the future, and carry his heart in his cheek?
Can he do an hour's work in a minute and live on a sixpence a week?
Can he courteously talk to an equal and browbeat an impudent dunce?
Can he keep things in apple-pie order, and do half a dozen at once?
Can he press all the springs of knowledge with quick and reliable touch,
And be sure that he knows how much to know, and knows how to not know too much?
Does he know how to spur up his virtue and put a check-rein on his pride?
Can he carry a gentleman's manners within a rhinoceros' hide?
Can he know all, and do all, and be all, with cheerfulness, courage and vim?
If so, we perhaps can be 'makin' an editor outen o' him.'"

The farmer stood curiously listening, while wonder his visage o'erspread,
And he said: "Jim, I guess we'll be goin', he's probably out of his head."

NOTHIN' TO SAY

By James Whitcomb Riley.

Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!
Gyrls that's in love, I've noticed, gin'er'ly has their way!
Yer mother did afore you, when her folks objected to me—
Yit here I am and here you air! and yer mother—where is she?

You look lots yer mother, purty much same in size;
And about the same complected, and favor about the eyes;
Like her, too, about livin' here, because she couldn't stay;
It'll 'most seem like you was dead like her!—but I hain't got nothin' to say!

She left you her little Bible—writ yer name acrost the page—
And left her ear-bobs fer you, of ever you come of age;
I've allus kep' 'em and gyuarded 'em, but of yer goin' away—
Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!

You don't rickollect her, I reckon? No, you wasn't a year old then!
And now yer—how old air you? Why child, not "twenty?" When!
And yer nex' birthday's in April! and you want to git married that day!
I wisht yer mother was livin'!—but I hain't got nothin' to say!

Twenty year! and as good a gyrl as parent ever found!
There's a straw ketched onto yer dress there—I'll brush it off—turn round.
(Her mother was jest twenty when us two run away.)
Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!

THE YOUNG MAN ACROSS THE WAY

Author Unknown.

Well I wonder what's his meaning
Always looking over here;
When I'm at the parlor window
He is sure then to appear?
Ev'ry evening as I sit there,
Just before the close of day,
There he is with roguish glances,
Watching me across the way.

CHORUS.

So let him stare, I do not care,
I shall not go away,
Young men who live across the street,
Must look across the way.

He has brown hair, dark and waving,
And his eyes, I think, are gray;
But, I know, whate'er their color
Often do they look this way;
And one tender twilight evening,
I'm quite sure that he did this—
Just before I left the window,
Unto me he threw a kiss.

From the other side, one evening,
To our door he found his way;
After that 'twas very often
That he came across the way;
And while sitting by our window,
There was much he made me say,
And 'mong other things I promised,
That I'd live across the way.

CHORUS.

So ev'ry day, the neighbors say,
He comes across the way;
Young men who live across the street,
Must look across the way.

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

By S. M. Grannis.

Do they miss me at home, do they miss me?
'Twould be an assurance most dear,
To know that this moment some loved one
Were saying, "I wish he were here!"
To feel that the group round the fireside
Were thinking of me as I roam,
Oh, yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure,
To know that they missed me at home.

When twilight approaches the season
That ever is sacred to song,
Does someone repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long?
And is there a chord in the music
That's missed when my voice is away
And a chord in each heart that awaketh
Regret at my wearisome stay.

Do they set me a chair near the table
When evening's home pleasures are nigh,
When the candles are lit in the parlor
And the stars in the calm azure sky
And when the "good-nights" are repeated,
And all lay them down to their sleep
Do they think of the absent, and waft me
A whispered "good-night" as they weep?

Do they miss me at home, do they miss me,
At morning, at noon or at night?
And lingers one gloomy shade round them,
That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcome,
And pleasures less hale than before,
Because one is missed from the circle,
Because I am with them no more?

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS

This letter is from one of those real, home women, who knows how to make the best of things, and accommodate herself to circumstances. In her present letter, she tells about moving into a new house and how she made a convenient kitchen, out of a kitchen which had no conveniences. It is a fine case of brains saving heels, from which some of you may get suggestions. The letter follows:

Dear Elizabeth—We have accomplished our flitting and are fairly well straightened up, but oh, the thousand and one things that seem imperative necessities when one moves, and yet, we can do so little at a time, as physical strength and financial means must be considered, first, last and all the time.

We found no closets and but one narrow shelf, that being a mantel in the sitting room, so the first work done by the "Gude Mon," was to make two shelves, 18 inches wide and 4 feet long. These were fastened to the kitchen wall, up high. The upper shelf we reach by mounting a chair; but the lower one is where we keep things needed every meal. A red calico curtain conceals the shelves and contents. We call this "the pantry."

It is wonderful how much may be neatly packed on those shelves. Underneath are nails for hanging various articles. Our kitchen is 9 by 12 feet. The stove, which is of the range-on-legs order, stands far enough from the wall to permit us to go back of it easily. Back there we hang our cooking utensils. A good sized cupboard sets squarely in one corner of the room, and close to the "pantry," is the kitchen table. This is a student's table, designed for two students originally and obtained through a sale of college effects. It is 2 by 4 feet and has two good drawers. The left hand one contains all sorts of kitchen tools, from a paring knife to a screw driver. The right hand drawer holds towels. Underneath I nailed two cleats and put boards on them for a shelf, thus doubling the table's capacity.

Over the table on the wall, hangs everything we work with on the table, so we have no unnecessary steps to take. The pump is but a few steps from the kitchen door. Altogether I think our kitchen is very convenient, considering the lack of pantry and with the cellar 10 feet away.

As time goes on, I expect to remedy all the rooms to a greater or less extent as I can handle a saw, hammer, and so on. You see the head of the house is absent at his oil field work nearly all the time, and when he comes home there is so much to be done, that I refrain from mentioning anything I can do myself, or that we can get along without for a while longer.

We are living in the hope of all being together some day, but now the three children and I live on the farm, and live, partly, on the memory of the "Man's" last visit, partly in expectations of the next. Not very satisfactory, is it, Elizabeth? but the ability to look things squarely in the face and do the best I can, has helped me over rough places, and an ever-abiding faith in prayer, is my greatest asset. Best wishes.—Nellie R. N., West Virginia.

I'm thinking you do not have to worry very much about yourself, or how your fortunes are going to turn our. You are surely earning all that you have, and that is something we all must do, sometime in our lives if we expect to have and to hold.—Elizabeth.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Olive Myrtle Merrill, North Carolina—Send your address to the editor of the Peace Page, and your back answer will be lists of names from which you, may, if you wish, choose names for your baby brothers. So many lists have been sent in, it is impossible to print them.

Here is something new to me. It is for the old-timed beer seeds, which were dropped into sweetened water, where they traveled up and down for a few hours and then turned themselves into a fine summer drink. Mrs. L. S. E., from the Webfoot state, is in search of this information.

These are the things the Peace Page tries to carry as regular "features," as we say in newspaper language: The Blade Book; Some Pointers; Morning Thoughts; The Cozy Corner; The Nifties and the Indians; Our Correspondents; The M. G. R.; The Poet's Corner; Mary Cassidy; Nature Lore; Children's Letters, and Our Cook Book. The quantity of material and the space we have to put it in, are a misfit, so occasionally something has to wait its turn. Of this you may be sure, the absence of any of these is only temporary. Like the family cat, they will always come back.

One of our friends wants a recipe for making candied citron.

These recipes are asked for: How to make sweet spiced pickles of green cucumbers, and how to make sour corn out of sweet corn, put up on the cob. Very plain directions regarding the right proportion of salt, and the cooking of the corn, if it is cooked, are much wanted by this lady friend of ours in Oregon.

Gay—Try the drug store for the camomile seed.

Of this you may be sure: If you do not pay me the courtesy of signing your names to your letters, I shall not pay you the courtesy of paying attention to what you write. Why are you afraid to sign your names, especially when asking favors? I shall not tell your real name out in print if you do not want me to.

When you people write and ask me to reprint some article which appeared in this paper two or three or six or eight years ago, you are setting as hard a task as it would be to look for a needle in a hay stack. Things crowd very fast on one another in a newspaper office, and what is here today, is forgotten in a few tomorrows. Cut out and save the things that interest you, as they come to your hand, then you will be sure to have them.

Well, "Michigan," you surely have a good memory to remember My Girl. She was in print in 1905. Putting her into a book is one of the things I am always going to do, but have not yet reached. I shall give your message to Mary Cassidy. "'Tis her that 'll be thankin' ye for that same."

Kindly write Peace Page on the envelope of all letters intended for the Peace Page.

This is the end of the piece of paper in my typewriter, so no more at present. "If this escapes the waste basket, I may come again."—Elizabeth.

The Friendly Wren

A few years ago I was living in a new, unfinished house and the kitchen had several openings. A little wren kept coming in and out, whenever I went into another room. She made everything merry with her sweet, chattering song. I was much surprised to discover her, carrying material for a nest, already begun on the top shelf of my work cupboard, over my work table. She sang so sweetly I could not find it in my heart to destroy her half made nest, as the cupboard was not my best one, yet I was worried for fear there might be unclean litter later on, but she grew more tame as time passed, and hatched out her brood. She carried away every bit of dirt the young birds made, and nothing was left to annoy me. The cupboard was fast on the back of the work table. I mixed bread, washed dishes and did all of my work within arm's length of the dear little birds and they showed not the least sign of fear.

Where there are no children, dogs, or noise to frighten them, the wrens become quite tame. A near neighbor of mine has a wren's nest in her kitchen now, where she works all of the time.—Mrs. L. J. Martin, Blacksville, West Virginia.

Wanted—The verses to which the following is a clue: Father calls me William, mother calls me Will, sister calls me Willie, but the fellers—they call me Bill.

Fruit Pudding.

Strawberries or peaches are the nicest for this, although other fruits may be used. Put one cup of well sweetened fruit in a pudding dish. Make a batter of one egg, one cup of milk, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter; one tablespoonful of sugar; one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder and enough flour to make a rather stiff batter. Spread over the fruit and bake.

Pudding Sauce.

One teacup of sugar; one of hot water; a lump of butter about as large as a hickory nut, and two level teaspoons of flour. Cook and flavor with vanilla. This is very nice and so easy to make. With best wishes.—Mrs. Mattie Covey, Pennsylvania.

The Nifties and the Indian

By ELIZABETH AYRES

CHAPTER IX.

The End of Company Day.

"Take it out and bury it," Freckles directed. "Go around back of the barn and I'll hand it out through the window, so the rest won't notice. I intended to have that bird for breakfast," he added, regretfully, "but I suppose it's too ripe."

"I hope the tent won't spoil," said Brookie slyly, just as he slipped through the door.

While he was gone to bury the chicken the Kid's mother came into the barn, followed by the Kid's father, carrying what was beyond question a big basket of luncheon.

"Suppose we take breakfast out of this," she said pleasantly, and save you the trouble of cooking for unexpected company."

Freckles breathed a long sigh of relief. It was easy enough to cook for the boys, but to cook for grown up company was another matter.

After they had finished eating, the Kid's father proposed going fishing. "There should be good fishing in this part of the river, if we could manage to get a boat."

"We saw one a ways down the shore, where we were out tramping yesterday," Jack said. "Maybe we could get it. Anyway we might try."

Jack's plan was received with favor and the party, including Fritz, started toward the river.

"Don't you lock the barn?" the Kid's father asked, seeing that they were leaving the door open.

"Perhaps we'd better, but it doesn't do much good if the Indian that's hanging around here wants to get in," Freckles said, going back to perform his neglected duty.

Naturally, Freckles' remark brought out a request for an explanation. The Nifties were anxious to tell of their unusual experiences, and all talked together, until the Kid's father asked that one alone might tell the story. It was Freckles who related it. The Kid's father listened thoughtfully. When the story was finished, he said, "beyond a doubt your mysterious visitor is the runaway boy. If he gives you a chance to talk with him, get at the truth if you can. If the farmer has abused him, or treated him unkindly, do what you can to help him, even if you have to break camp and come home. Bring the boy with you, if it seems the right thing to do."

"But don't you think the boys better come home now? They may get into trouble," the Kid's mother said anxiously.

"No," the Kid's father answered. "I'll trust them to look after themselves. They are not in any danger, and it is surely doing this boy of ours good to be out of doors. He begins to look better already."

"Gee!" put in the Kid, "I've forgotten I was ever sick."

They had good fishing that day, and they returned to camp in the late afternoon to cook a fish supper, after which the Kid's father and mother bade them good-bye and started for home.

The Nifties accompanied the carriage to the road, and gave their yell several times as a parting salute. The Kid felt a bit homesick when he saw his father and mother drive away, but the feeling soon passed, and the four of them went whistling back to camp. Having company all day, made them a little restless and uncertain as to how they should spend the evening.

"I guess a bonfire's the best thing, if we haven't burned up everything in sight," Jack said. "Let's see what we can find."

They were trying to decide which way to go in their search, when they heard a long, low whistle from somewhere back in the woods. They listened a moment in silence, and the whistle was repeated.

"Sic 'm, Fritz," Freckles shouted. "Come on boys, let's trail the Indian!"

The Nifties came back to the camp after a fruitless search through the woods. They could hear the whistle occasionally, but always some distance ahead, and the one who whistled evaded them like a will-o'-the-wisp.

"He's playing tag with us," Freckles declared, inclined to be angry. "If he wants help, he'll have to come and ask us. I won't chase him any longer."

They found their farmer visitor of the night before, waiting by the barn when they reached there.

"Did you see anything in the woods?" he asked, this time somewhat more polite in manner.

"No," Jack answered.

"What were you looking for, then?" the farmer persisted.

"For something we couldn't find," the Kid piped up, before anyone else could speak.

"You're too smart for your size," the farmer retorted. "I've got a hunch you young fellers know something of the boy I'm after, and I warn you, if you help him to get away, you'll answer to me, I don't care where you come from or who you belong to."

"I'd like to know what right you have to come around here and threaten us," Freckles broke in. "I told you last night to keep off my father's land."

"And I told you it would take more than your say to make me," the farmer retorted. "I'll go, because I'll be ready after I've taken a look through the barn."

Though the place was dark, the boys did not offer him the use of their lantern, but left him to light his way the best he could with the aid of matches. It did not take him long to discover that the boy he wanted was not there, and he left the camp, saying that he should come again.

"He's around here somewhere, and I believe you know where. He's got to eat, and he couldn't go to any of the farmhouses in this part of the country without being caught. I've been around to give warning, and I give you the same," he told the Nifties.

"Good evening," said Jack politely. Their uninvited guest tramped away without replying.

"Every time I see him I hope he'll come again," Jack remarked, relectively.

(Continued Next Week.)

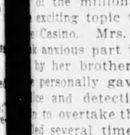
CANCER

of all ailments conquered at last. Give full particulars of your case in first letter.

BENTLEY MEDICINE CO., W. 6th St., Oklahoma City, Okla.

HIMALYA" FOR HAY FEVER AND ASTHMA SUFFERERS.

Himalya Co., of 326 Howard St., Detroit, Mich., will send a free trial by mail, of their reliable remedy, "Himalya," for Hay Fever and Asthma, to any reader of Toledo Blade who will write to the above address. Himalya can be purchased from all druggists in stock, it can be had direct from factory or wholesaler. Hundreds of sufferers in all walks of life, ministers of the gospel, doctors, merchants, mechanics and farmers in Michigan have sent us their testimonials of the merits of this wonderful remedy in relieving and curing Hay Fever and Asthma, according to their own statements, many distressing and long standing cases have been permanently cured. Copies of these testimonials will be sent on application giving names and full addresses of sufferers in order that you may verify for yourself the extent the truth of their testimonials. The free sample bottle will cost you nothing, and you should surely try it, if you have the misfortune to be in need of such a remedy.



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HEIRESS ELOPES WITH CHAUFFEUR

Niece of Mrs. Elsie French Vanderbilt Runs Away From Newport to Wed.

New York, August 10.—Miss Julia Allaire French, daughter of Amos Lawrence French and favorite niece of Mrs. Elsie French Vanderbilt, eloped yesterday from Newport with Jack Geraghty, a chauffeur.

The sensation has eclipsed the Peace-Force engagement in the interest of the millionaire colony and is the exciting topic today at the exclusive Casino. Mrs. French Vanderbilt took anxious part in the search started by her brother for his daughter. She personally gave directions to the police and detectives employed in an effort to overtake the flying couple and had several times at the station.

Miss French, who is 18, and has been reckoned as one of the richest debutantes in the society of New York, Newport and Tuxedo, left Newport Monday with the handsome, athletic young chauffeur, and they so cleverly arranged their rendezvous and departure that the young woman's father didn't discover his daughter's absence until several hours later. Then there was a hue and cry and an automobile chase, but the latter day Lochinvar's training as a motorist served him well, and after some exciting adventures the couple reached Central Village at 2 o'clock yesterday morning and found a haven in the Central Village hotel and a clergyman to make them one.

Married in Country Hotel.

The Rev. L. E. Perry, of the Congregational church performed the ceremony in the dimly lighted little parlor of the country hotel, with a couple of impromptu witnesses—Mrs. Ella Adams, one of the owners of the Central Village hotel, and L. H. Bass, a prominent hardware dealer of Central Village and treasurer of the church.

The bride and bridegroom heaved a sigh at the final pronouncement that they were man and wife, and passed through the door of the hotel long enough to say, "Now let 'em come! We don't cares?" But the pursuit went on to Central Village, and notwithstanding Mr. French had called on the Newport police to help him head off his daughter and her chauffeur, the newlyweds were able to keep their whereabouts quiet until yesterday, when they announced they had no objection to the wedding being known.

"We are going straight to New York," said the little bride, and seemed much amused at the thought that the sensation her romantic flight and marriage would make among her society friends here.

Jack" Geraghty's full name is John Paul Geraghty. He was born in Newport 23 years ago and is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Geraghty, who keep a livery stable. His employment was as cab driver, but recently he has been making a salary of $50 a month from the automobile firm as a chauffeur.

Miss French was a debutante of last year and her chic appearance, her dashing manner of driving an automobile and her interest in all kinds of sports combined to make her very popular in society—to say nothing of the prospect of the millions she would inherit from her father and the interest taken in her by her wealthy aunt, Mrs. French Vanderbilt. Mrs. Samuel J. Wagstaff is her sister.

ELOPING A VERY SIMPLE ONE

Tunkhannock, Pa., August 12.—Forgoing declaring their desire to become man and wife before witnesses, Roger Kisner and Miss Maude Johnson of Wyoming county, were married by the common law method at the county court house here the other day. They secured a marriage license, as required by law, and then said they would marry themselves by making declarations of their intentions to each other.

The marriage license clerk advised them to get a magistrate or minister, but they declined. Then they formally announced that they had become man and wife, kissed each other to seal the bond, and left in a happy frame of mind.

"LOVE IN KENNEL BEATS SOCIETY"

Vanderbilt Heiress Who Ran Away With Chauffeur Defies Family's Ire.

Boston, August 12.—In one of the most remarkable and interesting statements ever made by a girl in her position, Mrs. "Jack" Geraghty, formerly Miss Julia Steele French, of Newport, tells all about her elopement with Mr. Geraghty, how thew planned to wed in spite of her parents' opposition, how devotedly she loves her handsome young husband, and how she will not give him up for all the world.

Among the more striking statements made by Mrs. Geraghty in her story was:

"I'd rather live with Jack in a dog kennel than in any place with some society fool."

The above sentiment was first incorporated in a letter which she sent to her mother, but she has reiterated it in her conversations to show how deep and true is her love for the handsome, broad-shouldered young man ever present by her side.

Issues Ultimatum to Society.

Among the other statements were the following:

"If they try to separate us we will fight the case.

"We have done no wrong. I am of age. I know my own mind.

"This is a step we have planned for two years.

"I am willing to go with my husband wherever he goes. I have no desire whatever to go back to what 'they' call society.

"I can keep house. I know all about marketing. I have practiced this quietly in my own home in preparation for just this occasion.

"We will not starve to death by any means. I have no money of my own, though I see that some people seem to think I have.

"But my husband can support me and support me well. He is earning $50 a week now. The papers put his pay at $50 a month. That is not true. He is an automobile demonstrator and gets $50 a week. That was how I met him, when he was demonstrating a car for me.

"We were determined to get married. My parents forbade him to see me. Then we decided to elope. Our elopement was hastened because my father was going to pack me off to Europe. I was told to get ready to go abroad. I told Jack. But, instead of packing my trunks to go to Europe, I packed a suitcase and eloped with Jack."

Wrote News to Mother.

Such were some of the cool, clear-headed statements made by this bride of about 18 years, who has forsaken wealth for the man she loves.

Mrs. Geraghty was asked if she had written to her mother. She said:

"Yes, I wrote to mamma as soon as we arrived in Springfield."

Asked what she wrote, Mrs. Geragty repeated as follows:

"Dear Mamma—I am very sorry that I have caused you all this worry, but I will never regret marrying Jack to the last day of my life. I love him better than anything in the world, and I would rather live in a dog kennel with him than in a palace with some society fool.

"I do not see that I have done anything to ask forgiveness for. I have just married the man I love and I hope you will look at it in the same light as I do. Your devoted daughter,

"JULIA GERAGHTY."

"When did you first meet Mr. Geraghty?" the bride was asked.

"When he was demonstrating a car at Newport about three years ago."

Fall in Love After Year.

"When did you fall in love with him?"

"About two years ago."

"When did you decide to elope?"

"Not until about three months ago."

"What date did you fix, at first?"

"We were going to wait until September."

"Why did you run away so suddenly?"

"My parents discovered what was up. They found out that I was in love with Jack and that I was going to marry him. They then forbade Jack to come to the house. They were going to send me to Europe on the next steamer, so that I would be separated from him. They said that I would forget him."

"You say you can keep house?"

"Of course I can. I can cook and I can sew. I know all about housekeeping. I have practiced it in my own home, and I did it for the express purpose of fitting myself to become the wife of Jack. I intended to be useful to him when we were married."

"Have you made any plans for the future?"

"No. I have made no plans. I don't have to do the planning now; it is up to Jack and he will look after that."

HOOSIER DEMOCRATS SPLIT

Indorsement of Wilson for President Starts Trouble.

Indianapolis, August 11.—The first overt act on the part of the Indiana Democrats to start an organization for Governor Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, has been followed by charges of forgery and declarations that the large club of party workers organized here for United States Senator Kern cannot be turned over to Wilson.

The trouble began when W. C. Liller, president of the Democratic league of clubs, called a meeting of the 300 members of the Kern presidential club and succeeded in getting a resolution through which declared for Wilson for president and pledged the members to work to secure the Indiana delegation for him.

The name of Secretary Cameron, of the club, was signed to the resolutions. Mr. Cameron, who says that he is still a Kern man, denounced the action of the club today, and said he was not at the meeting and his signature to the resolutions was a forgery.

NICE ROLL FOR UNITED STATES

Chile Pays $184,637 Pounds Sterling on Indemnity.

London, August 11.—The indemnity of 184,637 pounds sterling awarded by King George as arbitrator, to the United States in settlement of the Alsop claim against Chile, was paid at the American embassy today by Augustin Edwards, the Chilean minister to Great Britain.

GIRL ROASTS NEWPORT

Mrs. Geraghty Goes Rev. Dr. Richmond One Better in Attacking Society.

Boston, August 14.—Mrs. "Jack" Geraghty, the Newport society girl who made up her mind to marry the man of her choice, has again bitterly attacked "society," saying:

"All Newport society women care about is money, an artificial social position, having better looking clothes than Mrs. Somebody, giving a more expensive party than some one else, having the most men trailing around, and stealing somebody else's husband."

The above is only one of the shots poured into society by the determined young woman who has declared that hers is real love for the young chauffeur for whom she abandoned society ties and wealth.

Praise for Eleanora Sears.

"Of all the Newport set, the one girl I really admire is Eleanora Sears," said Mrs. Geraghty. "She has some individuality, and she is clever besides. Individuality among society people is quite a possession, I assure you. Constance Warren sort of follows along in the same line. But I haven't any use for the rest of the members.

"I hate sitting still to play bridge, and sitting quietly and making myself behave all through one of these barbarous course dinners. When one of these silly Newport men makes a fool of himself beside you, it makes me want to punch him in the ribs. That's why independent, thinking girls can admire a real man such as Mr. Geraghty is.

"Then I just can't care for the things that are everything to these poor people. If there's anything I hate it's a snob I'd hate worse than anything else ever to be though snobbish.

Everybody in Newport a Snob.

"And everybody in Newport is a snob. Mrs. Gillette and Mrs. Biddle and 'Aunt Elsie' and a couple of others say just who can be invited and do things. They are proud of Newport's reputation as being the hardest city to 'break into.' They say that 'climbers' go to Bar Harbor and Tuxedo and everywhere before they dare tackle Newport.

"Well, I think that's all silly rot. Now just imagine this Force girl who wants to marry Col. Astor. I think that marriage is something to be ashamed of. I don't think much of the proposed Astor marriage.

"Why, at Newport some of 'those' women think their season has just been a failure unless they alienate at least one other woman's husband.

"You go out on Bellevue avenue or on the drive any afternoon and you simply never see a real society woman driving with her own husband. That would be too tame. Well, I want to tell you they'll have a chance to see me driving with my husband, and to see him driving with me."

"YANKEE HATER" BURNS FLAG

Canadian Proud of Title, Vents Rage on Stars and Stripes.

London, Ont., August 11.—Thomas Midgeley, who prides himself in the title "Yankee Hater," last night publicly burned the Stars and Stripes in the streets of Woodstock. A few hours before some one in a spirit of mischief had nailed an American flag above the door of his shop.

When Midgeley saw the flag he called his laborers around him and, walking to the middle of the street, lighted a fire and burned the flag. Then he scattered the ashes about the streets "that horses might trample them under their feet." His action was applauded by a large crowd. A local newspaper, which is strongly opposed to reciprocity refers to Midgeley as a man "whose heart rings true with loyalty and patriotism."

American residents will bring the incident to the attention of the consular authorities with the object of obtaining an apology from Midgeley.

TO SUE HIS BISHOP

Attacks Upon Astor Wedding by Rector Draws Fire of Superior.

Philadelphia, August 14.—Because the Rev. George Chalmers Richmond of the aristocratic St. John's Episcopal church denounced the Astor-Force match, Bishop Alexander Mackay-Smith of the diocese of Pennsylvania has severely taken him to task and now the rector threatens to sue the Bishop for slander.

"I have no patience with you," wrote the bishop, "and the only grounds on which I can excuse your conduct is that you are the nephew of the man whom, as a boy, I knew as 'Crazy Richmond,' and who brought discord into every parish he entered."

"This feeling that you are not quite right in the upper story is now generally believed by the clergy of Philadelphia."

Wants to Avoid Scandal.

"The only reason I let you off now is to avoid the horrible scandal which would ensue as soon as the church learned your career."

"I hate to see Yale men come to what you are.'

"Because of your horrible vanity, as well as your rage for self-advertising, and the fact that you seem to hate every one, and are utterly insubordinate on general principles, you have flung your whole life way and are condemned to third-rate uselessness."

In explaining the bishop's attitude Mr. Richmond said:

"From the minute I showed mental independence and progressiveness in the conduct of my parish my name has been written down largest in Bishop Mackay-Smith's black book.

Surely Will Ask Satisfaction.

"He has sent to me personally a series of letters astounding in their insulting character—remarkable products from a bishop's pen in their extravagance of villification. He has falsely declared of me that I am a lunatic and the nephew of a lunatic.

"If I do not bring action against the bishop for damages I shall seek satisfaction and vindication through an ecclesiastical court, a court of bishops.

"What has so far held me back is pity for Bishop Mackay Smith. He is physically a broken man. I wish I could believe that his illness was the sole cause of his extraordinary and rank bitterness against me. It would make conditions easier to bear."

CROPS ARE AIDED BY TIMELY RAINS

Condition in Corn Growing States Is Relieved at a Critical Point.

Washington, August 9.—Continued cool weather in the interior and beneficial rains in districts where most needed were the crop-growing weather features of the week ended yesterday, according to the national weekly weather bulletin issued today.

Summarizing the week's effect on the agriculture, the bulletin says: "Good rains occurred in nearly all portions of the principal corn growing states, greatly relieving the needs of the cereal for more moisture at a critical period of its growth. More rain is still needed, however, in portions of West Virginia, Ohio, eastern Missouri and locally in other states.

Cotton Is Favored.

"Partly cloudy, rainy and cool weather prevailed in the spring wheat growing states, interfering somewhat with harvesting, but it was generally favorable for late vegetation.

"In the cotton growing states the weather mostly favorable. Good rains occurred over North Carolina and portions of South Carolina, greatly relieving one of the most severe droughts ever known in portions of those states. Showers occurred over the remainder of the cotton belt east of the Mississippi.

Other Sections Relieved.

"In the cotton growing states west of the Mississippi the weather was mostly favorable in Louisiana, Arkansas and Oklahoma and local showers occurred in northern and eastern Texas, but over the central and southern portions of that state there was practically no rain and at the end of the week high temperatures were again prevailing.

"Over the Atlantic states the states from Virginia northward, favorable temperatures prevailed.

"West of the Rocky mountains the weather was generally favorable for the development and ripening of fruit and water for irrigation continued plentiful."

PASS VETO BILL

Avoids Creation of New Peers by Voting Measure Limiting Power.

London, August 11.—The house of lords late last night passed the veto bill by a vote of 131 to 114. Thus the creation of new peers has been avoided.

The debate on the bill was resumed in the house of lords early in the evening and Lord Morley, the government leader, in opening the proceedings, said the king had consented to the creation of any number of peers which would prevent the defeat of the bill by any possible combination.

Lord Morley gave warning that the statments of the "die hard" Unionists, to the effect the government was merely bluffing in its actions were delusions. Every vote given against the motion that the house of lords should not insist on the marquis of Lansdowne's amendments was a vote given in favor of the large and prompt creation of new peers, declared the government leader.

Rosebery Admits Defeat.

Lord Rosebery in addressing the lords admitted it was clear the bill must pass. The former premier, who spoke for the first time since the veto bill was introduced in the upper house, denounced the government for having gone to "a young and inexperienced king, not yet five months upon the throne, to ask for guarantees to pass a bill that had not even passed its first reading in the house of common."

"If the bill passes," he concluded, "there will be force left in this house to oppose the dangerous measures of the government, and Europe and the empire will be spared the sight of a scandal which would go far to weaken the hold of the center of the empire or its component parts."

Primate Against Amendments.

The archbishop of Canterbury announced that he had come into the house with the expectation that he would be able to abstain from voting without doing anything detrimental to the interests of the country, but that the debate had changed his opinion.

"I have especially been influenced," the archbishop continued, "by the callousness, I might almost say levity, with which some of the noble lords seem to contemplate the election of 500 peers, which would make this house and the country the laughing stock of the dominions beyond the seas and of foreign countries, the history of whose constitutional life and progress has been so largely modeled on our own. In these circumstances I feel it my duty to give my vote against insisting on the amendments."

Halsburyites Gain Some Converts.

Lord Milner, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, and the earl of Halsbury, and the earl of Selborne all spoke in favor of resisting the commons.

The early of Camperdown having announced he would support the government in preference to having the upper house swamped with new peers, the duke of Norfolk declared that if any Unionist peer supported the government he would vote with the followers of the earl of Halsbury.

Viscount Halifax adopted the same attitude.

Gloves and Kings.

T. P.'s Weekly.

Gloves have always been connected with royalty. When the tomb of King John was opened a century ago it was discovered that his hands were gloved. In France the gloves worn by the king at the coronation were consecrated by the officiating bishop and at our own coronation a glove was thrown down as a challenge to anyone to dispute the royal title.

When George II. was crowned on unknown Jacobite came forward and lifted the glove on behalf of the absent Stuart, and at the coronation of Edward VII. the duke of Norfolk handed to his majesty a pair embroidered with ducal arms because a manor connected with the duke's inheritance is held by the service of presenting the monarch with a right-hand glove on the day of the coronation.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., August 15.—Wheat received a further setback on the call today from a reversal of sentiment in the northwest. Reports indicate that if weather continues favorable in the big Canadian grain provinces for 10 days or two weeks, an unusually large wheat crop will be turned out. Early cables were rather weak, Michigan and Ohio millers report flour demand somewhat improved. Local mills have advanced winter wheat flour slightly. Toledo opened ½c lower with cash at 90c, September at 91¼c, December at 95c and May at $1.00¾. September and May lost ⅛c later in the first hour

Further weakness at Winnipeg induced heavy selling in the local market. Wheat closed about 1¼c lower as follows: Cash 89¼c; September 90½c, December 94¼c, May 99⅞c.

Corn opened ⅝c to ¾c lower, weakness coming from rains over the belt and generally more favorable crop reports. September opened at 65½c, December at 61⅝c and May at 64⅛c. There was a somewhat firmer feeling shortly after the start.

Closing corn values: Cash 67c, September 66⅛c, December 62¼c, May 65⅛c.

Oats on the call showed a loss of about ½c. Offerings are more liberal in local territory. September started at 41⅞c, December at 44⅜c, May at 47¼c.

Cash oats closed at 67c, September 66⅛c, December 62¼c, May 65⅛c.

After opening a shade easier, clover seed advanced to the level of the previous close soon after the call. Initial values: Cash $11.85, October $11.65, December and March $11.67½.

In the later hours seed values remained about unchanged.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close. Aug. 15.	Close. Aug. 14.
Cash	90	90¾	....	89½	90⅛
Sept.	91¼	91⅞	....	90½	91⅜
Dec.	95	95⅝	....	94¾	95½
May	1.00⅝	1.01¼	....	99⅞	1.01¼
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	67	66⅛
Sept.	65½	66¼	....	66⅛	65¾
Dec.	61⅝	....	....	62¼	62¾
May	64⅛	....	....	65⅛	64⅞
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	41	40⅝
Sept.	41¾	....	....	42⅛	42
Dec.	44⅜	44⅞	....	44⅝	44½
May	47¼	....	....	47⅝	47½
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	85	85
Sept.	....	....	....	87	87
Timothy—					
Cash	....	....	....	6.50	6.45
Sept.	....	....	....	6.25	6.20
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	10.25	10.25
Aug.	....	....	....	10.25	10.25
Dec.	....	....	....	10.35	10.35
March	....	....	....	10.40	10.40
Clover Seed—					
Cash	11.85	....	....	11.90	11.90
Oct.	11.65	....	....	11.75	11.75
Dec.	11.70	11.72½	....	11.70	11.70
Mar.	11.67½	11.72½	....	11.70	11.70
No. 2	....	....	....	11.65	11.65
No. 3	....	....	....	11.55	11.60
Rejected	....	....	....	10.45	10.45
N. F. G.	....	....	....	8.50 @ 10.50	

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept.	90¼	90¾	89	89¼	90⅝
Dec.	94⅝	95	93¾	93½	95
May	1.00⅜	1.00¾	99⅛	99¼	1.00⅝
Corn—					
Sept.	63½	64½	....	64¼	65⅞
Dec.	60½	61⅝	....	61⅜	61⅛
May	63¼	64½	....	64⅛	63⅝
Oats—					
Sept.	41	41⅞	40⅜	41⅜	41
Dec.	43⅝	44⅛	43¼	43⅝	43½
May	46⅜	47¼	46¼	46⅝	46½

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept.	96¼	96⅝	....	95¼	96½
Dec.	....	....	....	99¼	1.00⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Sept.	87½	87⅝	....	86⅜	87½
Dec.	92⅝	....	....	91⅜	92⅝

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Sept.	....	....	....	99¼	1.01⅛
Dec.	....	....	....	1.00½	1.02

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Sept.	....	....	....	1.01	1.02¾
Dec.	....	....	....	1.01⅛	1.02¾

WINNIPSG.

Oct.	....	....	....	96¾	....
Dec.	....	....	....	95¾	....

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Sept.	....	....	....	17.20	17.20
Jan.	16.25	16.27	16.20	16.22	16.40
Lard—					
Sept.	9.00	....	....	8.92	9.07
Oct.	9.10	....	....	9.02	9.12
Jan.	8.72	....	....	8.60	8.75
Ribs—					
Sept.	9.05	9.07	....	9.02	9.17
Oct.	9.02	....	....	8.90	9.05
Jan.	8.32	....	....	8.25	8.35

New York Stocks.

New York, August 15, 1911.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Atl. Coast Line	123⅝	123⅝	123	123¼
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co.	115	115½	114½	115
Atchison	105½	106	105½	105¼
Am. Car & F. Co.	51⅜	52¼	51¼	51⅜
Amal. Copper	63¼	63¾	62¾	62
Am. Smelters	71⅞	71⅞	71	71¼
Am. Ag. Chem. Com.	56¾	56¾	56	56
Am. Steel Fdy.	36	36	36	36
Am. Tel. & Tel.	134½	134⅝	134½	134¼
Am. Tobacco pfd.	93¾	94	93¾	93½
Am. Cotton Oil	54	54½	54	54½
Am. Beet Sugar	51¼	52⅛	51	51⅛
Balt. & Ohio	102½	102½	102¼	102⅛
B'lyn R. Trans.	76¼	76¾	75¾	75⅞
Cast I. Pipe com.	13¾	13⅞	13⅛	13⅜
Cast I. Pipe pfd.	53	53	51½	51¼
Beth. Steel com.	31½	31½	30¾	31
Chicago & G. W.	20½	20½	20½	20
Chicago G. W. pfd.	40	40	40	40
Canadian Pac.	238¼	239	237¼	239
Clover Leaf	19¼	19½	19¼	19½
Colorado Fuel	30	30	29⅝	29⅝
Ches. & Ohio	75½	75½	74⅝	75
Central Leather	25½	26½	25½	26⅛
Consolidated Gas	104⅝	104⅝	104⅛	104⅝
Can pfd.	83⅞	85⅞	83¾	83¾
Distillers Sec.	32	32⅝	32	32⅜
Erie com	30⅜	30⅝	30¼	30¼
Erie 1st pfd	50⅜	50¼	49⅝	49
Erie 2d pfd	40	40	40	40
Gt. Northern pfd.	126¾	126¾	126	126
Gt. Northern Ore	48½	48½	47¾	47¾
Ill Central	138⅝	138⅝	138¾	138¾
Int. Harvester com.	117½	117¾	117	117
Interborough com.	15¾	15⅝	15½	15½
Interborough pfd.	43	43⅜	43	43¼
Laclede Gas	104	104	104	104
Missouri Pacific	41⅜	42½	41⅜	42⅜
M. S. M.	137	137	137	137
M. K. & T. com.	31¾	31¾	31½	31½
Nor Pacific	121	121⅜	120	121
Nevada Cons	17½	17½	17⅜	17⅜
Northwestern	141¾	142	141¾	142
N. Y. Central	104	104	103¾	104
N. & W. com.	103⅞	104	103¾	104
N. & W. Con. 4s.	105¼	105¾	104⅞	104⅝
Ont. & Western	40	40	40	40
Penn. Ry.	121	121⅜	120⅞	120⅞
Pacific Mail	29½	29⅝	29⅛	29⅛
People's Gas Co.	104⅝	104⅞	104⅜	104⅜
Reading com.	146	146⅝	145¼	145⅝
Rock Island	27¾	27⅝	26⅝	26⅝
Rock Island pfd.	53⅞	53⅞	53⅞	53⅝
Rep. I. and S. Co.	26⅛	26⅝	25⅞	25⅞
Ry. Steel Springs	31¾	31¾	31	31
South. Ry.	29	29	28¼	28⅝
St. Paul	116¼	116¼	115¼	115⅝
South. Pacific	115	115⅛	114¾	114⅝
So. Pac. Con. 4's.	97¼	97¼	96⅞	96⅞
Third Ave.	9	9	9	9
Texas Pacific	25½	25½	24⅞	24⅞
Tenn. Copper	33½	34	33½	34
Union Pacific	173	173⅞	172⅜	172⅝
Union Pac. pfd.	92¼	92¾	92¼	92¼
Un. Pac. Con. 4's.	103⅝	103⅞	103½	103¼
U. S. Steel	73⅝	74¼	73	73⅜
U. S. Steel pfd.	115¾	116	115½	115⅝
U. S. Steel 5's.	105	105	104⅜	104⅜
U. S. Rubber com.	37½	37½	37¼	37¼
Utah Copper	45⅝	45⅝	45½	45⅝
Virginia Chem.	56⅜	56⅝	55½	56⅜
Western Md.	58	58	58	58
Wabash com.	14½	14½	14⅛	14½
Wabash pfd.	30½	31	30⅜	30⅝
Western Union	74	74½	74	74½
Westinghouse	66	66	65¾	65¾

Money and Stocks.

New York, August 15.—Wall Street—Some heaviness was shown by the stock market at the opening with an excess of losses over gains; Union Pacific declined over a point with a one-point loss in Canadian Pacific, Reading and Atchison also opened lower.

There were fractional advances in Great Northern preferred, Pennsylvania, Lehigh Valley and Erie first preferred.

Renewal of selling in Union Pacific again produced an unsettling effect elsewhere, and no small part of yesterday's gains were lost. Union Pacific declined to 172⅜, a loss of 1⅝ with concurrent weakness in Southern Pacific. Canadian Pacific sold under yesterday's low, with distinct pressure upon Reading, Northern Pacific, Rock Island, Chesapeake & Ohio and the fertilizers. Fractional rallies from this level were followed by dullness.

Except for its steadier tendency and increased dullness the market continued quite featureless for the balance of the early session. Declaration of the usual Standard Oil dividend was of sentimental value, even though such action had been accepted as a foregone conclusion. On the exchange there was a disposition to regard the early declines as resulting from bear operations, but in other quarters the movement was attributed to mild liquidation. Bonds were steady.

The stagnation from the early afternoon was followed by a slight increase of activity, with another attack on Union Pacific, which brought that stock down to its early decline. Other issues fell in sympathy, and the movement signalized a revival of bear attacks.

Texas Company made a new low record, selling under par.

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Aug. 15.—Receipts of hogs were extremely light and the market ruled slow. Other lines were steady.

Hogs—Selected heavies, $7.90@7.95; good medians, $7.50@7.95; heavy yorkers, $7.05@8.00; light yorkers, $7.85@7.95; good pigs, $7.85@7.95; bulk of sales, $7.95; good mixed, $7.90@8.00; stags and roughs, $5.00@6.75.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $7.75@8.00; good to choice, $6.75@7.50; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200 lbs., $6.50@6.75; fair to good, 900 to 1,100 lbs., $5.25@5.50; common and light steers, $4.50@5.00; choice fat cows, $4.00@4.50; fair to good cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $3.00@3.50; canners and cutters, $2.25@3.00; bulls, $4.25@4.50; fair to good bologna, $3.50@4.00; common, $3.50@4.00; choice fat heifers, $5.00@5.50; fair to good heifers, $4.50@5.00; common and light heifers, $4.00@4.50; good to choice feeding steers, $4.50@5.25; fair to good feeders, $4.50@5.00; stockers, good to choice, $4.25@4.50; stockers, common to fair, $4.00@4.25; milkers and springers, $25.00@50.00.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $4.75@5.00; fair to choice mixed, $3.00@3.50; fair to good, $2.50@3.00; culls and common, $1.50@2.00; clipped lambs, $5.00@5.50; common to fair, $4.00@5.00; yearlings, $3.00@4.75; top lambs, $6.00@6.25.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $8.00; fair to good, $6.50@7.50; common to light, $5.50@6.00; heavy and pailfed, $4.00@5.00.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Stock Yards, Pittsburg, August 15.—Cattle—Steady. Hogs—Steady to 5c lower; heavy $7.90@8.85; mixed $7.85@7.90; mediums $8.15@8.20; yorkers and lights $8.20@8.25; pigs $7.75@8.10. Sheep—Steady, $4.00; lambs $6.50. Calves—Steady, $8.25.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, August 15.—Cattle—Receipts estimated at 7,000; market steady to 10c lower; beeves $5.10@8.00; Texas steers $4.50@6.15; western steers $4.10@6.50; stockers and feeders $3.15@5.55; cows and heifers $2.20@6.15; calves $5.75@8.25. Hogs—Receipts estimated at 17,000; market 5c lower; light $7.15@7.80; mixed $8.05@7.80; heavy $8.80@7.65; rough $8.80@7.05; good to choice heavy $7.05@7.65; pigs $6.00@7.65; bulk of sales $7.10@7.50. Sheep—Receipts estimated at 20,000; market steady to 10c lower; native $2.50@4.00; western $3.00@4.00; yearlings $3.75@5.00; lambs, native $4.25@7.25; western $5.00@7.25.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., August 15.—Cattle—Receipts 5 cars; slow. Hogs—Receipts 15 cars; lower; heavy $8.00@8.10; yorkers $8.10@8.15; pigs $8.10. Sheep—Receipts 10 cars; lower; top lambs $6.50@6.75; yearlings $4.75@5.00; wethers $3.75@4.00; ewes $3.00@3.50; calves $4.50@8.50.

Toledo Produce.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1 lb. prints, 27½@28c; solid pack, 26½@27c.

Process Butter—Per lb., tub, 23½@24½c; dairy, prime, 22c; packing stock, 16c; oleo, 12@18c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 13@14c; New York state, 14c; brick 15c; limburger, 15@18c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh, candled, 20@21c; current receipts 18c.

Onions—Home-grown, 100 lbs., $1.00@2.00; Spanish, crate 45 lbs., $1.75; garlic 10c.

Celery—Michigan small bunches, doz., 15@25c.

Lettuce—7c head; hamper $2.00.

Mango Peppers—Bu., 65c.

Egg Plant—Doz. 75c.

Cucumbers—Home grown, 10@20c.

Beans—Home-grown, 60@75c.

Potatoes—Bbl., 2¾ bu., $3.60.

Potatoes—Bbl., 2⅝ bu., $3.75.

Sweet Potatoes—Bbl., $3.50; basket, $1.50.

Turnips—Bu., 60@75c.

Cabbage—Home-grown, bbl., $2.35@2.50.

Cauliflower—Doz. $1.00@1.50.

Beets—Bu. 50@60c.

Radishes—Bunch long, 15c; round, 15c.

Parsley—Dozen bunches, 15c.

Onions—Green, doz., 10c.

Vegetable Oysters—Doz., 25c.

Carrots—Bu., 75c.

Sweet Corn—Doz., 8@9c.

Summer Squash—50@75c dozen.

Bananas—Bunch, $1.00@2.00.

Bananas

TAFT VETOES THE STATEHOOD BILL

Recall of Judiciary Feature in Arizona Constitution Arouses President's Ire.

Washington, August 15.—President Taft, in a special message to the house of representatives today vetoed the joint resolution providing for the admission of New Mexico and Arizona to statehood.

His reason for exercising the executive power of veto was based on his thorough disapproval of the recall of judges clause in the Arizona constitution. The fact that New Mexico's statehood was bound up with that of Arizona meted out to her the same fate, and neither territory can come into the Union at this time unless friends of the joint resolution in congress can muster the two-thirds votes necessary to pass the resolution over the President's veto. This may be attempted.

"Legalized Terrorism."

The President did not spare words in condemning the recall feature of the Arizona constitution, which, he said, would compel judges to make their decisions "under legalized terrorism." The recall provision would operate against all elective officers of Arizona, including both county and state judges. When 25 per cent of the voters of the previous election petitioned for a special election to remove an official such and election would be compulsory.

"This provision of the Arizona constitution," the President says, "in its application to county and state judges seems to me so pernicious in its effect, so destructive of independence in the judiciary, so likely to subject the rights of the individual to the possible tyranny of a popular majority, and, therefore, to be so injurious to the cause of free government that I must disapprove a constitution containing it."

Much of the message was devoted to a discussion of the functions of the courts under the constitution. The President dwelt at considerable length on the necessity for freeing the judiciary as much as possible from politics or popular influence. And, referring to the recall provision, he asks:

"Could there be a system more ingeniously devised to subject judges to momentary gusts of popular passion than this?"

The message was received with great interest by the house, largely because of the President's long association with the judiciary.

CHARLES G. GATES TO MARRY

Florence Hopwood Engaged to Son of Late Millionaire.

Minneapolis, August 12.—Miss Florence Hopwood, a Minneapolis girl, is to become the wife of Chas. G. Gates, son of John W. Gates, American millionaire, who died Wednesday in Paris.

The engagement took place early in the summer, before Charles G. Gates was called to Paris by the illness of his father, and when he left Miss Hopwood and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Hopwood, accompanied him. Mr. Hopwood has returned, but his wife and daughter are still in Paris. Mr. Hopwood admitted the engagement today.

Mr. Gates is 34 years old. Early in the year he was separated from his former wife, who was Miss Mary W. Martin, of St. Louis. The divorce decree was signed a week ago. Miss Hopwood is a graduate of Smith college.

HAIR DYE ROUTS A FAMILY

After 21 Years Wife Used It, Then Came Merry Row.

Pittsburg, August 12.—After 21 years of married life, Mrs. Hattie Holmes dyed her hair, which was sprinkled with gray. Her husband, John, objected and a family row followed, as the testimony in the desertion court proved.

Holmes charged that during the row his son hit him on the head with a baseball bat, dyeing his hair red. His daughter, testifying, called him "Mister Holmes" with frigid politeness.

Judge Miller reserved decision, saying he would have to consult the authorities before deciding that hair dye is a sufficient provocation to break up homes.

AND SHE WENT ON A-TALKING

Woman's Hatpin Nearly Blinds Man in Street Car.

New Haven, Conn., August 12.—F. Carroll Bulkely, who is connected with a local brokerage house, may lost the sight of one eye as the result of an encounter with a hatpin in the headgear of a woman who sat next to him on a car.

The pin reached several inches out beyond the woman's hat, and when she turned to speak to a friend in a seat behind the point scraped Bulkely's eyeball. The sight was affected at the time, and an examination by a specialist showed that the membrane had been scratched. The woman went on talking after the accident.

GOLD TEETH GIVE BONES NAME

Skeleton of Ohio Man Identified—Lost a Year Ago.

Redding, Cal., August 15.—Gold teeth of a skeleton found yesterday in a forest 20 miles east of Shingletown led to its identification as that of E. Mc. Carpenter, a carpenter, who disappeared on January 25, 1909. Carpenter was 54 years old. His father and mother live in Ohio.

"FUNNY" PEDDLER FINED $100

Pleads "Nolo Contendere" to Misdemeanor Charge in New York.

New York, August 15.—Jacob Levien, a peddler, charged with selling rotten fruit, was arraigned in special sessions court yesterday and pleaded "nolo contendere."

"What? What's that?" asked the astonished court.

"That," said Levien's counsel, smiling, "is a plea of guilty with the right to explain."

"No quibbling in this court, sir," thundered the justice. "Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty."

"Two months on Blackwell's Island, or $100 fine," decreed the court.

NINETY-THREE DROWN

English and French Steamers Hit in Straits of Gibralter.

Gibraltar, August 9.—The French steamer Emir foundered today five miles east of Tarifa, Spain, in the Straits of Gibraltar.

Ninety-three persons were drowned.

The ship sailed from here at 3 o'clock this morning for a Moroccan port.

An hour later, in a dense fog, she collided with the British steamer Silverton, bound from Newport, England, for Taranto, Italy.

The crew of the latter rescued 27 of the Emir's crew and passengers.

The Silverton later put in here with her starboard bow stove in and her forepeak full of water.

The Emir floated only a few minutes after the collision. Sixty-nine passengers and 24 of the crew went down with the ship. Twelve of the crew and 15 passengers were saved. All the passengers were French.

The Emir was a vesel of 1,291 tons and was owned at Marseilles by the Compagnie de Navigation Mixte.

HETTY GREEN BLAMES CANAL

She Says, Says She, It's Causing All This Heat.

New York, August 12.—"The heat in New York is caused by the construction of the Panama canal. Man thinks he's greater than God, but the Lord knew that He was doing when He put the Isthmus of Panama where He did, and He wanted it to say like He made it."

This new and remarkable theory was advanced yesterday by Mrs. Hetty Green.

"The heat is simply caused by the wrath of God visited upon the children of New York," she says, "for going down to Panama and defacing nature. Stop the work and fill up the hole and New York will have a snowstorm. And there you are!"

MORGAN MUFFED A BARGAIN

Refused Carnegie Company for $160,000,000, Paid $500,000,000.

Washington, August 12.—W. C. Temple, of Pittsburg, who was commissioner of the Steel Plate association, formed in 1900, was called today as the first witness in the steel inquiry, and told of the existence of the structural steel association in the United States in 1897 and the steel shafting pool.

Mr. Temple said that before the formation of the United States Steel corporation, H. C. Frick had visited J. P. Morgan with an option on the Carnegie Steel Co. for $160,000,000; that Morman said the price was too high; but "six months later he paid $5,000,000 for the same property."

Mr. Temple explained they were preparing to give a "magnificent play down in Wall street."

RUSH RAILS TO MOVE BIG CROPS

Canadian Systems Add 2,000 Miles to Trackage in Western Provinces

Winnipeg, Canada, August 15.—In order to handle the enormous 200,000,000-bushel wheat crop this year the three big Canadian railway systems are pushing the work of new construction in the western provinces, 356 miles of new lines having just been inspected by the dominion railway commission and placed in service. Two thousand miles will be added to the total this year.

In addition to the work in the prairie provinces new tracks are being rapidly constructed in British Columbia. The Canadian Northern has lessened its gap between ocean and ocean to 250 miles by letting the contract for the construction of 160 miles between Hope northward to Kamloops. A force of 7,000 men is expected to be at work on this section within a short time and the task must be completed within two years.

Encounter Big Difficulties.

Construction work is nearing completion on the line from Port Mann on the Pacific coast, to Hope. The eastern end of the road is at Yellow Head Pass on its boundary between Alberta and British Columbia. From Kamloops northeast to Yellow Head there are 250 miles of mountains to crawl around, cut through or tunnel under.

The 160 miles between Hope and Kamloops run through the canyons of the Fraser and South Thompson rivers. It is the most difficult part of the transcontinental road, and the most beautiful.

The road from Yellow Head east to Edmonton is not yet in position to handle regular traffic. Work upon this section is being hurried as fast as possible, but there are several large bridges to be built, including those across the Pembina and McLeod rivers.

Line the Prairies.

In the prairie provinces railroad tracks seem to be springing out of the ground like magic. The year will see nearly 2,000 miles of new road built. More than 1,000 miles have been constructed or are under construction in Saskatchewan alone.

This province is in the throes of the greatest railroad development any section of the world has ever seen. The Canadian Northern is building 330 miles; the Grand Trunk Pacific is building 340 miles, and the Canadian Pacific is at work on 348 miles of new track. Most of this mileage consists of branch lines or extensions into the newly settled wheat districts.

Need 162,000 Farm Hands.

The preliminary estimates of the 1911 grain crops of the western provinces show the need for more railroads. The Saskatchewan department of agriculture estimates the wheat acreage in that province at 5,598,235, an increase of 20 per cent over 1910. This will mean a production in excess of 100,000,000 bushels for the province. Manitoba and Alberta will bring the total to more than 200,000,000 bushels.

An official of the Canadian Pacific says that 162,000 farm hands will be required to harvest the grain crops of the three provinces. About 50,000 laborers will have to be brought in to help those already on the ground.

WELL! OF ALL THINGS!

New York, August 14.—"We have never been parted, never have quarreled and never have contemplated any sort of legal proceedings," said Ethel Barrymore and Russel Griswiler Colt, her husband, last night.

The couple are united at their residence.

"We are perfectly happy and always have been perfectly happy," says Colt.

Miss Barrymore is reported as confirming the reconciliation.

"I returned from St. Johns, N. S., Friday," she said, "and the baby is coming today with her nurse."

STORY OF THE JERSEYS

Origin of the Breed on the Chief of the English Channel Islands.

When the first importations of cattle were made from the island of Jersey their value as rich milk producers was at once appreciated and they were much sought after.

Geography shows that in the English Channel between England and France there is a group of islands known as the Channel Islands, Jersey being the largest and most important. The other inhabited islands of the group are Guernsey, Alderney and Sark.

It is remarkable that so small an island as Jersey should produce such an excellent breed of cattle. The inhabitants kept them pure and did not allow any live cattle to come to the island. Consequently they were able to produce a type and quality so fixed that the blood has a marked effect whenever it is used, even when quite remote from purity.

Judged by a Scale of Points

As far back as 1763 laws were enacted prohibiting the importation of cattle to this island, and in 1833 the Royal Jersey Agricultural society was formed to improve the island cattle. For over 70 years the Jersey cow has been judged by a scale of points. In 1868 the "Island Herd Book" was started and careful record has since been kept of the age, breeding, etc., of every animal raised.

In 1868 the American Jersey Cattle club was organized.

The early importations of Jersey cattle into this country are difficult to trace, but it is known that they were here in 1815, for it is a matter of record that their richness then attracted attention, but no great practical interest in them was shown until about 1850, when they began to be imported in large numbers. Up to 1868, the time of the organization of the American Jersey Cattle club, they were known in America as Alderneys, but this name was misapplied.

More than a hundred years ago a Mr. Dumaresq, of St. Peters, Jersey, sent a present of some of the best Jersey cows to his father-in-law, who was then the proprietor of Alderney, so that the Jerseys were then recognized as superior to the cattle on the island of Alderney.

Sire and Dam Must Be Recorded.

Referring again to the American Jersey Cattle club, it may be interesting to know something about the rules that govern the record of the cattle entered in the "Jersey Herd Book." No American-bred Jersey can be admitted to entry until both its sire and dam are recorded in the "Herd Register." Animals imported from the island of Jersey, to be eligible, must have been registered in the "Jersey Herd Book" and must conform to the rules of the American Jersey Cattle club. There has been much confusion because of the ruler requiring that the distinguishing marks be given in recording animals in the "Herd Register." The club requires that the color of tongue and switch must be given and that the location of the white markings must be stated. There is, in the minds of many people, an idea that a Jersey is not pure bred unless she be of a solid color and has a black tongue and switch. A few years ago there was an enthusiasm created for the "solid color" and "black points," which became very popular, and which is, no doubt, the reason the idea was conceived that these qualities or marks were essentials of purity. Many of the ardent admirers of the Jersey cow for her high qualities feared a deterioration would be the result, and this was true in a measure. It is gratifying to note that there has been a great modification regarding this craze, as it can justly be called, and that the majority today seek the high quality, regardless of the color, and that there are many who really admire the fawn and white. It is also true that in importations from the island of Jersey half or more of the animals have white tongues and show more or less white markings. It may be well to repeat that the terms "black tongue and switch" were never intended as marks of special merit, but merely as distinguishing marks to serve for the identification of individual animals. It is true that a pure Jersey may be fawn and white, black and white, gray black or solid fawn color, and at the same time be a good cow and, further, that color is not essential to insure either purity or quality.

Better Dairy Products Demanded.

In this day, when our great cities are demanding better dairy products the question of the quality of the milk produced by the cow is of great importance. In most sanitary plants that supply good milk it is found necessary to have a certain percentage of their cows Jerseys in order to maintain the standard of quality. We are learning the food value of good milk, cream and butter, and we are using more of it each year; it is becoming more and more desirable to have a good supply of pure, clean and rich milk from well-kept cows.

The Jersey combines beauty and utility, is gentle and affectionate, and the most responsive creature we can have about us. Then, too, there is much satisfaction in owning a pure-bred cow. There is an intelligence and a delicateness that belongs to the thoroughbred which cannot be attained in any way except through the channel that has given us these higher qualities.

From the earliest history of the Jersey it has been said that in her native home she has been the recipient of kindness and good care, and there is no question as to the profit that will come from a constant practice along this line. It can truly be said that the limit of a good cow cannot be reached until she has received the fullest measure of care and thoughtful attention.

HAIL BRYAN AT HARMON'S DOOR

Central Ohio Dems Give Rousing Demonstration to Governor's Foe.

Columbus, August 15.—Introduced as "the man of the hour" and hailed by a large part of his audience as the Democratic leader for the national campaign next year, William Jennings Bryan yesterday at Columbus named the tariff as the paramount issue for 1912, but declared the time was not at hand for naming the candidate.

If, as Judson Harmon's friends assert, Bryan promised not to refer to Ohio's ambitious governor yesterday, the promise was kept so far as the mentioning of names goes, but that some of his strongest expressions hit at the state executive none who heard doubted.

Col. Bryan was the star of the second annual barbecue of the Jefferson club and the thousands of Central Ohio Democrats who attended converted the outing into a rally for the noted Nebraskan.

The name of Gov. Harmon, who declined an invitation to preside, was not mentioned, but Mr. Bryan made plain his unalterable opposition to the presidential candidacy of the Ohioan.

Hogan Refuses to Speak.

It was because of Mr. Bryan's treatment of Gov. Harmon that the only incident to arouse comment occurred. Resenting utterances of Mr. Bryan that indicated that he was fighting Mr. Harmon, Attorney General T. S. Hogan refused to speak at the meeting scheduled for last night, Mr. Hogan asserted he had purposed to laud Harmon in Bryan's presence and since he was asked not to speak until after Mr. Bryan had left the city, he declined.

Knows Wall Street.

As if in full knowledge of the criticisms heaped upon him by Harmon Democrats for speaking at the outing of a party organization not in accord with the governor, Bryan in discussing the trust question abruptly paused and then with dramatic emphasis exclaimed "You ask me why I don't go back to Nebraska and sit still when Wall street is trying to capture the Democratic paty. I know their methods. I know their lairs and I know their tracks. If I saw a burglar breaking into my neighbor's house and sounded no warning, what would you think of me? When I see the plunderers trying to make a tool of Democracy, do you think I'll keep still?"

Will Stick to Politics.

"I find I am not only retired from politics through political death, but through diversion," Bryan said with a smile. "Sometimes I am retired to enter the ministry. But I tell you my work is in politics and my future is to repay the debt I owe to six and a half millions of people who voted for me. I'm going to pay them by fighting for the things they stand for.

"I am going to pay one istallment of that debt between now and the next election. If you could photograph what is called Bryanism you would find it is not the influence of one person, but the influence of six and a half million people. I am going to help the brave men who have been helping me fight plutocracy. There is not a man prominent in our party with whose tendencies I am not familiar. I know those who have helped and those who have hindered.

Hogan Explains Attitude.

Attorney General T. S. Hogan had been depended upon by the governor's supporters to forestall any adverse result which might follow Bryan's address. So completely were Mr. Bryan's friends in control that Mr. Hogan at the last moment refused to speak at all. Loyalty to the governor left him no other course. He so expressed himself to the club committee in language that lacked nothing for vigor.

"I was well aware of Mr. Bryan's opposition to Governor Harmon, but did not suppose that he would carry it into a speech delivered at the capital of the state of which Mr. Harmon is governor," said Hogan. "I knew he would speak of his opposition, and in fairness I notified the officers of the Jefferson club that I would, in the course of my remarks, speak of the taxation reforms of Governor Harmon."

DECLARES "IT IS GOD'S WILL"

Woman Who Loses Lifetime's Savings Resigns Hopes of Home.

New York, August 15.—"Maybe it was God's will."

That was what Mrs. Timothy Riordan said yesterday as she sat in the kitchen of her little home on the top floor of her tenement house home and told of her loss of $2,050 in cash, the savings of 18 years of married life, just as she was on her way to pay the money over for the purchase of a new home. She didn't cry and she wasn't the least bit excited. She had decided to accept her loss with stoical philosophy.

Sitting around her were three of the five children whom she and her husband had been planning for years to take away from the tenement on the upper East Side to a little home in Brooklyn which they could call their own.

"I was going over to make the payment on the house and get the deed," said she, "and I had the money in my purse. I had my change in another place. The money must have slipped out in some way when I was buying my ticket on the elevated road."

FLY BITE CRIPPLES BARMAN

Resulting Poison Doubles Arm and Hand in Size.

Trenton, N. J., August 15.—Blood poisoning resulting from a fly bite has swollen Jacob Waltz's right hand and arm to twice the normal size. A few days ago Waltz, who is a saloon keeper on Cummings avenue, was wiping off his bar when the fly bit him. He brushed the animal off and thought nothing more of the incident until his arm began to pain him. A physician, who is attending him, believes that the arm will be saved.

GILBERT LEFT HALF MILLION

Will of Noted London Man Is Filed in Court.

London, August 11.—The will of the late Sir W. S. Gilbert was filed for probate today. The estate, amounting to $560,000, was left to the widow.

JOHN W. GATES DEAD

Cable Messages Pour in on Bereaved Family—Made Great Fight.

Paris, August 8.—In a little cemetery in the village of West Chicago, where his mother and father are buried, John W. Gates, the million dollar plunger, will rest.

The death this morning of Mr. Gates has called forth many expressions of regret, not only from his wide circle of acquaintances, but from numberless Parisians who knew him only as a bold and successful business man, but had been deeply moved by the courageous struggle which he made against an illness the fatal outcome of which had been feared.

Mrs. Gates and her son, Charles G. Gates, are much worn by their long period of anxiety and nursing, and much sympathy for them is expressed. As soon as word of Mr Gates' death had been cabled to America, messages of condolence commenced to arrive at their hotel from friends and business associates in the United States and elsewhere.

He Loved Life.

All arrangements for the disposition of the body have been made by Harry St. Francis Black, president of the United States Realty & Improvement Co., of New York. Mr. Black said:

"Mr. Gates loved life and said that he wished to live. He wanted to do things in life. Our people had an interest in his picturesque personality, but they may not have perceived his strength of mind as did those who served on directory boards with him. He was frequently spoken of as a 'plunger,' but his operations were always founded on wonderful studies in figures. Wall street will not see his like again for some time."

Worth $40,000,000.

Mr. Black said that the death of Mr. Gates ought not to affect the stock market much because the financied had not operated extensively of late, but was conservatively placing his fortune largely in substantial securities. Some of those here who were near Mr. Gates estimate that his estate will be found to be nearer $40,000,000 than $30,000,000.

Life of Gates.

John Warne Gates, whose daring speculations on Wall street won for him the popular title of the "King of Plungers," was a self-made man if there ever was one. Starting from practically nothing, he fought his way up until he became a man of enormous wealth, a power in the financial world and the controlling spirit of some of the largest business interests in the country. All this he accomplished by his untiring energy, his shrewd business sense, his unlimited self-confidence and his proverbial recklessness in taking chances against tremendous odds.

John W. Gates was born on a small farm near Turner Junction, now West Chicago, Ill., on May 8, 1855, the son of Asel A. and Mary Gates. He received his early schooling at the district school near his father's farm and then took courses at Wheaton college, in Wheaton, Ill., and at Northwestern college, at Naperville. He had no liking for the monotony of farm life and decided to enter upon a business career. His first business venture was contracting to husk a neighbor's corn. dertaking he bought a one-third interest in a threshing machine, then a new invention.

The crops were bountiful and the threshing business so profitable that after one year Gates bought out his partners. While traveling with his machine from farm to farm, Gates became acquainted and fell in love with Dellora R. Baker, the handsome daughter of a farmer near St. Charles, Ill. He was but 19 years of age and practically penniless when he married the girl. He contracted to clear some timberland for a farmer and when he had fulfilled his contract, he had $1,000 in bank. With this money he opened a hardware store at Turner Junction. He did good business, but his ambition was not satisfied. The possibilities of the barbed wire business, then something new, attracted his attention and he became traveling salesman for Col. Isaac Elwood, a pioneer in the barbed wire business. Gates soon made for himself a reputation as being the best barbed wire salesman in the country. He earned large commissions, but that did not satisfy him.

Makes Barbed Wire.

He decided to start in the business of manufacturing barbed wire on his own account and, after a short war of competition with Ellwood, entered into partnership with the latter. Other barbed wire concerns sprang up and to prevent disastrous competition Gates and his partner bought up one plant after the other, forming a wire trust under the name of Southern Wire Co., with headquarters in St. Louis. Still later he formed a combination with the Braddock Wire Co., near Pittsburg, Pa., and, having absorved two other concerns in the following year, he formed the Consolidated Steel and Wire Co. in 1892. Six years later he sold out to the Federal Steel Co., after he had organized the American Steel and Wire Co., now part of the U. S. Steel corporation. It was originally capitalized at $90,000,000. Two years later the big steel trust was formed by J. P. Morgan and the Gates companies were turned into the merger. Gates wanted to be one of the directors of the trust, but Morgan, fearing his recklessness, did not consider this advisable and kept Gates out of the board.

A few years later Gates evened his score with Mr. Morgan by buying up the controlling interest in the Louisville & Nashville railroad, which the Morgan forces were trying to obtain. Gates sold out to Morgan and his share of the profits amounted to several million dollars. After a while Gates entered the southern field as a competitor of the big steel trust, and organized the Republic Iron and Steel Co. He bought up the controlling interest in the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Co. and acquired important holdings of iron ore owned by the Alabama Consolidated Iron and Coal Co., and the International Power Co.

For a number of years Gates resided in Chicago, where he owned a fine mansion on Michigan avenue. He sold the house in 1908 and removed to New York, where for some time he occupied apartments at the Plaza Hotel, paying $46,000 a year rent for the same. He had been a plunger and daring speculator in Chicago, but his career in New York was even more speculating. Wall street began to fear him and the public wondered at his extravagance and recklessness in gambling operations, whether at the card table, the race track or the stock exchange. In the course of his life Gates lost many millions by daring speculations, but recovered his losses and accumulated an enormous fortune, estimated at from $25,000,000 to $50,000,000. During the last few years he devoted a great deal of his attention to the development of his large business interests in Texas and other parts of the south and southwest.

NEGRO IS BURNED IN QUAKER TOWN

Pennsylvania Community Arises in Anger to Hunt Down Leaders.

WILL ARREST EVERYONE CONNECTED WITH CRIME.

Coatesville, Pa., August 14.—Every person who was found to have been directly or indirectly connected with the lynching last night of Ezekiel Walker, the negro, for the murder of Policeman Edgar Rice on Saturday night, will be arrested and prosecuted to the full extent of the law. This was decided upon today by Sheriff David M. Golder, of Chester county; District Attorney Robert S. Gawthrop, Burgess Shallcross and Chief of Police Umstead, of Coatesville, and Chief of Police Entrekin, of Westchester, the county seat of Chester county, who held a conference here to determine what action to take in the affair.

Coatesville, Pa., August 14.—The fearful work of a frenzied mob here last night, when it dragged a wounded negro from a hospital and burned him to death for the killing of Edgar Rice a policeman, Saturday night, has caused the greatest indignation in this community and everything possible will be done to bring to justice the ringleaders.

That such an affair could occur in a Quaker community like that in Chester county was not believed possible. Thousands of persons went to the scene of the burning today. Even before dawn people began to gather at the spot. Every sort of vehicle was brought into use and prices to take people to the place quickly went up.

Nothing is left of Ezekiel Walker, the victim, but his ashes. All unburned portions of the hospital cot that formed part of his pyre have been gathered up by the souvenir hunters.

Willing Ears Listen.

News of the murder of Rice, who was very popular among the people here, spread rapidly. There has been other crimes committed in this neighborhood that had been blamed on negroes and talk of lynching fell upon willing ears.

The main street of Coatesville is usually filled with people from surrounding towns Sunday nights and a crowd soon gathered at the hospital. As the crowd increased, the talk of lynching spread and finally a masked man mounted the steps of the hospital and shouted:

"Men of Coatesville, will you let a drunken nigger do up such a white man as Rice?"

Becomes a Mob.

The orderly crowd was instantly transformed into a riotous mob. The attack on the hospital was then made. There were only the superintendent, four nurses and a policeman in the institution at the time, and a defense of the negro was impossible. The crowd swarmed into the place through doors and windows, and before most of the mob knew it the wounded and frightened negro was being taken out of the building. Still lying on the cot, he was carried through the streets and out of the city to the Newland farm. He had been tied down to the bed with ropes, and as the crowd tore fence rails and gathered wood and other inflammable stuq Walker writhed on his cot and tugged at his bonds but could not free himself. The negro pleaded for mercy. He declared he killed Rice in self-defense. "Don't give me a crooked death because I am not white." Only vile oaths greeted his pleas.

Leaders Wear Masks.

All the leaders in the crowd wore masks made of handkerchiefs tied around their faces up to the eyes. They did their work quickly, and, after piling up the subbish, placed the cot with its shuddering victim upon it over the pile. A dozen matches, it seemed, were simultaneously applied to the pyre and in an instant the negro was enveloped in the flames. The fire burned the ropes that held him and he made a dash for liberty. Walker reached a fence and was about to climb it when stalwart hands seized him, dragged him back and hurled him into the flames.

KIND IS PAID FOR KINDNESS

Wooster Man Gets $1,200 From Cousin He Thought Penniless.

Wooster, O., August 15.—Ben D. Miller, an aged bachelor, of this city, will come into a neat sum of cash within a few days as the result of treating a cousin kindly during his last sickness. The man, W. H. King, 60, a blacksmith, who resided in Bucyrus for many years, came here three months ago. King was a victim of lung disease, and because of his trouble could not secure a suitable home and was taken in by his cousin, Mr. Miller, who was himself just recovering from a long siege of sickness. Miller is a bachelor, and while his quarters were rather poor he told the unfortunate man that he was welcome to the best he had. King was supposed to be practically penniless, but did pay for a lot in the cemetery, arranged for his burial and paid for a small monument.

King passed away a few days since. To Miller's great surprise, King left a will in which he made Miller the sole legatee of about $1,200.

ARMY ADOPTS CAMPAIGN HAT

Three-Inch Straight Brim and Five-Inch "Montana" Peak.

Washington, August 15.—The army has adopted a campaign hat. It has a three-inch straight, stiff brim and a five-inch crown with the "Montana" peak. The "Montana" peak is produced by four indentations of the crown, bringing it to a point at the top. The hat is a compromise of two types submitted by the infantry and cavalry boards.

STANDARD OIL PAYS COSTS

Sends U. S. Check for $42,395.69 in "Rule of Reason" Case.

Washington, August 11.—A check for $42,395.69 was received today by the department of justice from the Standard Oil Co. in payment of costs in the dissolution suit brought by the government under the Sherman anti-trust law.

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JURORS INDICT BEATTIE FOR MURDER IN FIRST DEGR

Chesterfield Court House, Va., August 14.—A true bill charging murder in the first degree was returned by the grand jury of the Chesterfield circuit today against Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., of Richmond.

He will be tried for his life as the alleged murderer of his young wife, the victim of the Midlothian turnpike tragedy of July 18 last.

The court room was packed when Circuit Judge Watson took his seat on the bench at 11 o'clock. The aisles were ordered cleared before the roll of the grand jury was called. All spectators except "old gentlemen" were ordered to stand during the proceedings. There was not a woman in the court room.

Girl Enjoys Herself.

Beulah Binford, "the woman in the case," set smilingly in an adjoining ante-room waiting to be called as a witness. She was dressed in a becoming blue dress and wore a light blue picture hat. The day after her the first glimpse of the outside world since her arrest and she appeared to be thoroughly enjoying her temporary liberty from the squalid jail surroundings.

Beattie was not brought here to court but remained in his cell in the Richmond jail. Little time was consumed in the selection of the jury. George E. Robertson was chosen foreman.

Jury Acts Quickly.

The jury retired at 11:15 o'clock and four witnesses were called. They were: Thomas E. Owen, uncle of the murdered woman; L. L. Scherer, detective; T. P. Pettigrew, who found the finding of the gun by which the crime is alleged to have been committed and Dr. J. G. Loving, the county coroner who conducted the inquest.

The indictment was soon returned.

FIND POPE IS BETTER

Physicians Give Reassuring News to Public.

Rome, August 15.—The pope passed a good night, and this morning his physicians found that he was free of fever and that the pain and swelling in his knee were gradually vanishing. His holiness was strong enough to leave his bed and rested in an armchair.

The pope asked his physicians when he would be able to resume giving audiences. The physicians advised that he have plenty of rest and abstention from work during his convalescence. Receptions at the vatican in which the pope was to have a part have been put off until the weather becomes cooler.

His holiness is now taking more food, but his weakness is considerable and makes necessary the utmost caution. The slightest imprudence on the part of the pope is most likely to prove fatal.

The anxiety which has prevailed at the vatican since the pope became ill has not been relieved. The only care of the authorities seems to be to keep the patient quiet.

Thousands of telegrams continue to arrive at the vatican inquiring after the pope's health and expressing hopes for his prompt recovery. Only the names of the senders are made known to the pontiff.

LARGE AREAS LACK RAIN

Some Corn States Still Are Feeling Dryness.

Washington, August 15.—Lack of rainfall over very large areas east of the Rockies was the feature of the week's weather as reported in the National Weekly Bulletin, issued today.

Its summary says:

In the corn growing states generous rains effectually broke the drought over most of Iowa. Hot, dry weather prevailed in Kansas, Oklahoma, Missouri and Nebraska, which are in need of rain. East of the Mississippi the states in the more northern portion of the belt received generally sufficient moisture, but in the Ohio valley and over much of Kentucky and West Virginia the hot and dry weather was unfavorable. Rain is badly needed over the lower peninsula of Michigan.

In the spring wheat growing states the weather was mostly favorable for ripening over the central and western portions, but over the more eastern portions frequent showers and considerable cloudy weather, while beneficial to late vegetation, interfered somewhat with the progress of the harvest.

VANDALS AT STANDISH GRAVE

Offenders Tip Over Four Marble Columns.

Duxbury, Mass., August 15.—The authorities are seeking the persons who desecrated Miles Standish's grave. The offenders went to the grave and tipped over the four marble columns. Special detectives are aiding in the search for the culprits.

ROGER Q. MILLS IS DYING

Author of Tariff Bill Bearing His Name.

Corsicana, Texas, August 15.—Roger Q. Mills, former United States senator from Texas, and author of the Mills tariff bill, passed during Cleveland's administration, is dying at his home here.

MAN ADVERTISES HE IS LOST

Finds New Use for Want Ad When Broke at Resort.

Atlantic City, N. J., August 13.—"Lost—Eugene Kelly. Will meet George Clark at the Pennsylvania station at 9 o'clock Sunday night."

This strange advertisement appeared in a local paper yesterday. Kelly had come here on an excursion with his friend Clark and got lost on the Boardwalk. He was without money and Clark had his return ticket. Luckily, Clark read the paper to which Kelly had appealed. Clark was found through the "ad" and the two went on their way.

ANXIOUS TIME NOW IN PORTUG

Many Obstacles in Way Establishing a Sound Republic.

Lisbon, August 15.—The forming the provisional governm of Portugal are doing their structive work upon the republi a singular confusion of distrust, treme idealism, hostility of old terests, disappointed hopes of elements, and the sober disintere ness of the few.

The republican ministers stopped much of the corrupti the public services, and so far been able to make ends meet wi a loan. The national assembly bates the constitution five day week, and it probably will be pleted before the end of Augu

Many stumbling blocks, how are in the path of the republic. come the monarchists, with a s organization openly conspiring out.

Invasion May Come Soon.

The nobility and much of wealth of Portugal support monarchical principle, and that has a military organization in S with abundant funds, stores of ammunition, artillery, and va equipment. It seems as if an tempted invasion and rising not be delayed indefinitely.

The monarchists have invested largely and have raised such that they must make an att even under great risks.

The various national debts, inc ing the floating one, amount to $650,000,000 and rest upon a population of 5,500,000, which meet an annual interest charge about $35,100,000, besides $46,00 for other purposes.

The present minister of fina Senor Jose Relvas, a man of w who has managed his own fina with much skill, is somewhat couraged with the intricacy of problem before him, and would sign were he not determined if sible to serve his countrymen in way in which he is best qualifie

Spain Faces Double Duty.

Then the shadow of Spain across the path. The success o publican government in Por would make—in fact, already made—the Spanish republicans active. Spain has a double duty, of hospitality toward Portu refugees and neutrality as bet Portuguese monarchists and rep cans.

The Spanish government seem be striving to fulfill both duties the Portuguese feel that anarch prolonged civil war would lead t tervention and the restoration o monarchy. Spain has no desire annex another Catalonia.

NEW KIND OF HEAT SICKN

Louisville, Ky., Suffers an Epid of Nausea Owing to Humidit

Louisville, Ky., August 15.—Se days of humidity have turned stomachs of Louisville folk. S of cases of acute nausea were ported to local doctors during night and yesterday.

One doctor, who attended 11 c said that the "steamy" atmosp was responsible. No case was se atnd cups of hot water constitute treatment.

The regurgitant epidemic is gether novel in local medical his

NEW CRISIS NEAR IN MORO

Warships of England, Germany France Take Strategic Positio

London, August 15.—Interest taken yesterday in the German cupation of Agadir, Morocco, which position Germany refuses budge, when the announcement w ceived from Gibraltar that the B Mediterranean cruiser fleet had s for Tetuan, Morocco. The F warships, Forbin, Lansguenet Surprise have also sailed for Blanca. Germany has two or warships at Agadir and with the ships of Great Britain and F assembled at other Moroccan the Moroccan situation has a appearance.